The New Opium War: A Special Report on the Heroin Epidemic & the New Nixon Doctrine; A Ginsberg Poem; Bankers' Lobby; Blue Cross Boondoggle; Bo Diddley; Anais Nin: An Interview 75c

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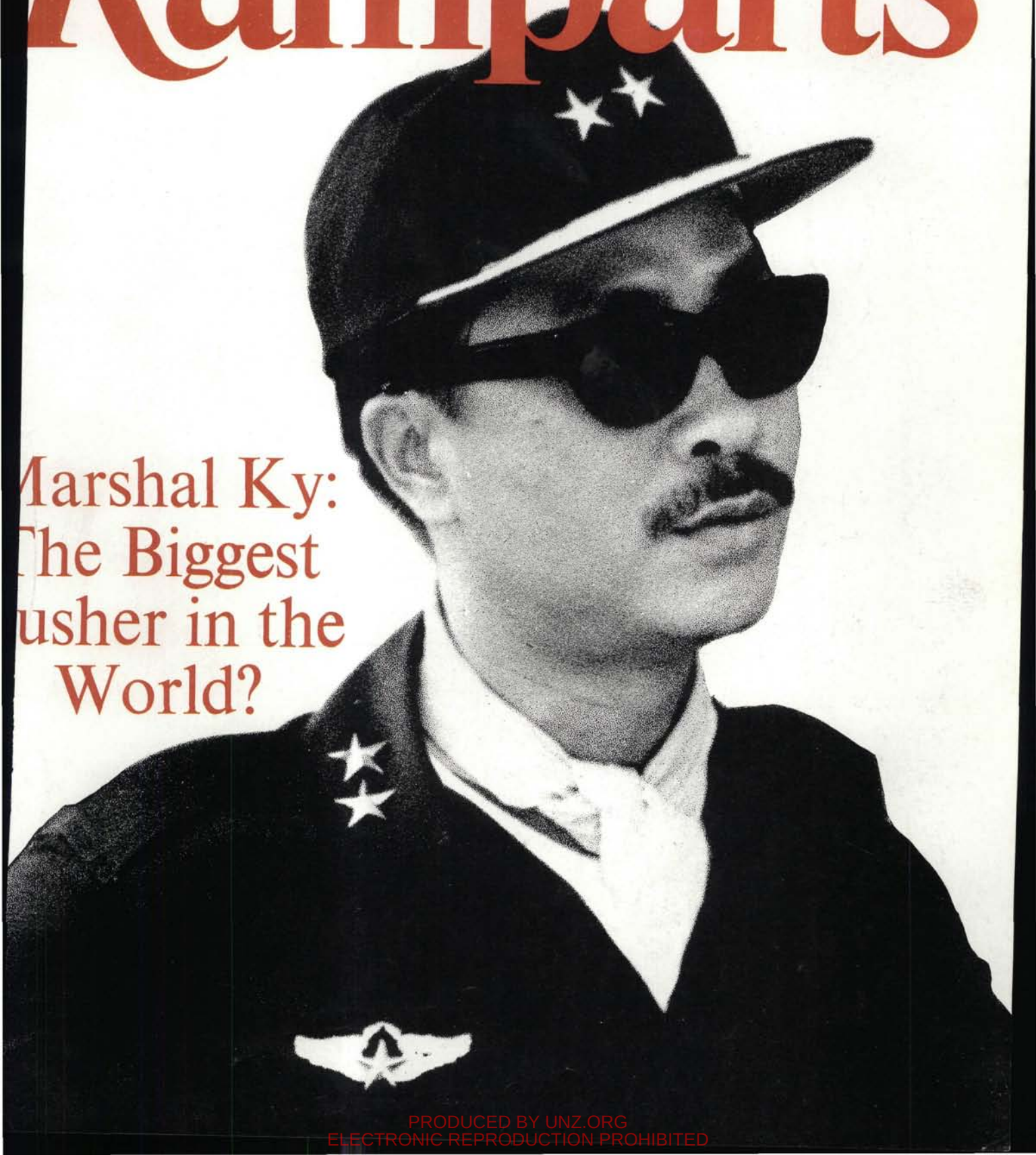

## Marshal Ky: The Biggest Pusher in the World?

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# WAR IS MUSIC!

For some reason there are few bands who enjoy playing together enough, or stay together long enough to develop a refreshing new sound. WAR is one that has. The group's seven members reached deep into their blues, jazz, gospel and rock roots to record an exciting new album on United Artists Records.

"Papa" Dee Allen, who has played with such jazz giants as Dizzy Gillespie and the late Clifford Brown, puts it this way, "WAR is not only musical, we're graphic and linear... joining this group is the best thing that's ever happened to me."

Drummer Harold Brown feels that all the hard work has been worth it. "It just had to come down this way... WAR's gonna be some thing else again more."

"Playing with this group," says bassist B. B. Dickerson, "is being with a bunch of people who all know the same thing... that's a gas." And keyboard man Lonnie Jordan says that playing with this group has really been inspirational. "We all just keep gettin' better and better every day."

Rounding out the group are Lee Oskar, Charles Miller and Howard Scott. They blow harmonica, woodwinds and trumpet respectively. For Charles Miller, "Everything has been good so far because everyone has been honest... that's the main thing." And Howard Scott feels that "WAR is on a spiritual trip — it can really reach the parts of a person's mind that hadn't been reached before." Lee Oskar pretty well summed it up when he said, "All the guys in the group live for the music, so the music lives for us."

Find out for yourself what a band can sound like when they're really in it for the music.

WAR, a new album on United Artists Records and Tapes.

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

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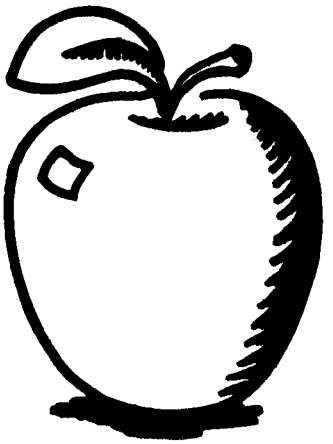
# The DDT-less apple. Yours for 9¢.



**Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain *no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind.* You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. *Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.***

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a potential cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 80% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth hormone called *stilbestrol,* also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!*

### "Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

### Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by the findings of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*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### What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, *when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.*

That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

### How the Society works for you

Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

### Free with your membership

You will receive regular *date-limited* mailings of the ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. Each is from 4 to 11 pages filled with factual reports and large photographs of more than a dozen *carefully checked* ecological products—which you are entitled to order through Society auspices at once. *Please save these LISTS.* Building to nearly 100 pages a year they will grow into the only such Comprehensive Catalog of Organic Products in existence—a unique *photographically illustrated* market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, fowl, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

### More than just foods

Your ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS will help you achieve a "total organic environment" by also offering "natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Biodegradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Beautifying cosmetics—that literally nourish your skin. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

### Also free

*The EFS Newsletter* ($3.50 a year to the public) and the Society's profusely illustrated 90-page *Guide to Organic Living* ($1 to the public). Both will keep you alert to what is happening in—and to—your environment. And what you can do about it *now.*

Their frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—*with a complete breakdown by brand name.* Plus what supermarket items to buy—and beware of. What so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

You'll also learn how to read between the lines of pending legislation . . . and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood—for *your* family.

### Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

## FREE if you act promptly

### "EARTH-1," a non-synthetic cleaner for things and people too

**No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, glass, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But EARTH-1 is *not* a detergent. Or even a soap. It contains *no* synthetic solvents or cleaning agents. So it is non-toxic and non-irritating. No harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates or NTA to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and *keep* it free even if you later decide to cancel membership. *Quantity, 4-oz. Intensified concentrate, enough to make up to 8 gallons cleaning solution.***

## The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY

114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in the EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) free ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS, (2) a free subscription to the EFS NEWSLETTER, regularly $3.50 to the public, (3) a free illustrated 90-page Guide to Organic Living, regularly $1 to the public, and (4) the privilege of ordering from OPTION LISTS at member prices plus postage. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, include free supply EARTH-1, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ $5 membership fee enclosed. Or charge:

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(Exp. date_____)


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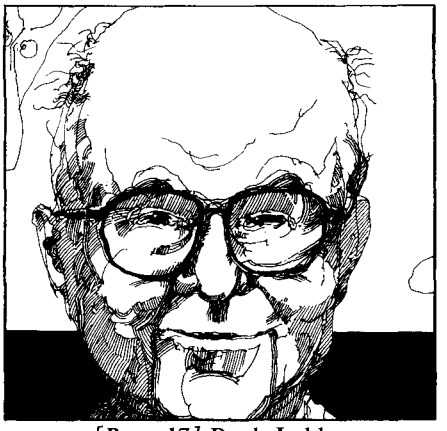

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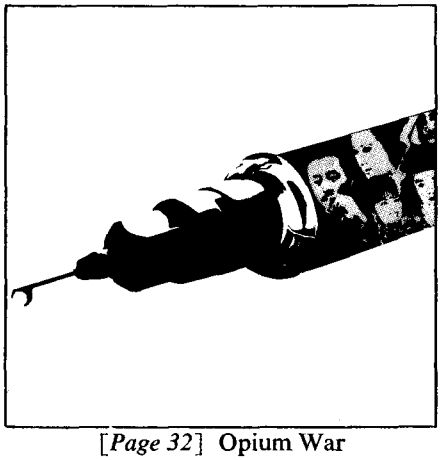

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Vol. 9, No. 10 MAY 1971



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# Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found – brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month – a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising – a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers – an unheard-of coup first time out.

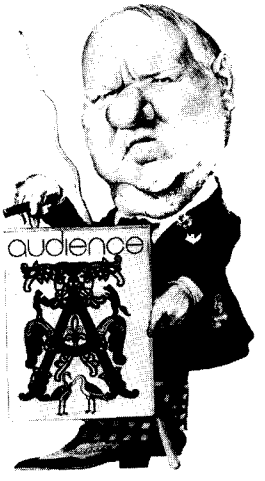
Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost – provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set – an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"




Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set..."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

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# Hard Times

## Blue Cross

In some states the non-profit health insurance monopoly uses insurance premiums to run commercial life insurance companies.

THE DEBATE OVER national health insurance comes down to an intricate three-way fight among the commercial insurance companies, Blue Cross and the Social Security Administration over who will administer the program. Nixon's basic plan now, as in the 1950s when he first proposed it as a congressman, would have the government underwrite the insurance industry. The effect would be to continue unchanged the costly, inequitable medical system. More important, it would put a prop under the insurance companies which are having trouble making as much money as they once did because of problems with health, automobile and property insurance.

The outcome of the insurance fight is of particular importance to Blue Cross, the health insurance monopoly. Blue Cross insures against hospital bills and since its inception has functioned as an arm of the hospitals. Blue Cross always has been important in maintaining the status quo, functioning as both collection agency and propaganda arm for the medicine industry.

The Blue Cross system is an amalgam of 74 local, non-profit, tax-exempt insurance organizations chartered under state law. Because of their quasi-public nature, Blue Cross never has been closely regulated. During the '60s this loose federation of local plans became more centralized through the Blue Cross Association. Much of the business is now funneled through and controlled by the association; as a system, Blue Cross resembles AT&T on a small scale. In addition to regular business, the Blue Cross system administers most of the Medicare program and runs Medicaid in 20 states. It also administers the Federal Employees Health Benefits program—an enormous insurance scheme which covers five million government workers—and handles insurance for military dependents as well.

All in all, Blue Cross is a vast health insurance monopoly, insuring or acting as agent for insurance covering 90 million Americans. In terms of dollars, government business represents more than half of all funds handled by Blue Cross. (Over one third of the Association's budget comes from the federal government.) In behalf of the other plans, the Association runs a high-speed computer network which links local Blue Cross offices with the Social Security Administration, owns a stock insurance company which provides insurance for clients where local practice or law forbids the plan to handle it, and runs an interplan bank for sorting out claims involving different plans.

Blue Cross always was closely tied to hospitals. The plans were created by hospitals during the Depression to act as a sort of producer co-op in providing funds for hospitals. The American Hospital Association owns the trademark and name "Blue Cross." Each year plans must submit to standards (including various financial requirements) set by the hospital association. The American Hospital Association and the Blue Cross Association share the same building in Chicago. Three members of AHA sit on the Blue Cross Association board, and two members of Blue Cross sit on the AHA board. (The two associations even share the same publicity firm in New York—Anna M. Rosenberg Associates.) At the local level, hospital administrators or trustees, along with doctors, make up a majority of Blue Cross plan boards of directors. Sometimes the ties are even more intimate—as in the case of California, where James E. Ludlam serves as counsel to both Blue Cross of Southern California and California Hospital Association. Most Blue Cross plans are self-perpetuating bodies. None call for election of directors by subscribers.

Under the local contracts, hospitals are liable for service should the Blue Cross plan fail. In Kansas City, for example, hospitals had to discount hospital bills by four percent in order to keep the local Blue Cross plan from collapsing. So in historic and legal terms there isn't any question but that Blue Cross's primary role has been to serve as a collection agency for hospitals. And while there is a lot of talk about Blue Cross and its "consumer" orientation, the system functions very much in that manner today, routinely passing along increasing hospital bills to consumers in the form of higher rates. Both Blue Cross and the hospitals



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# What makes education tick?...[tic?]

## You'd better look.

Here's America's world of tomorrow, next week, and the year 2000. It's the battleground, the playground, the underground. If you're an educator, administrator, parent, school watcher, taxpayer, you *have* to know what goes on. What points of view make sense, and who's yelling just to make noise. What new breakthroughs have occurred in teaching techniques, and how they can be more widely adopted. Whether Free Schools are free. Whether community control makes sense—or is it just another power struggle. Whatever is important—if it's happening, if it's not happening and should be—you'll find out about it first in The Library of Contemporary Education. To keep up to date, to understand in depth, we invite you to join the liveliest, most pertinent book club of our time.

(retail prices shown)

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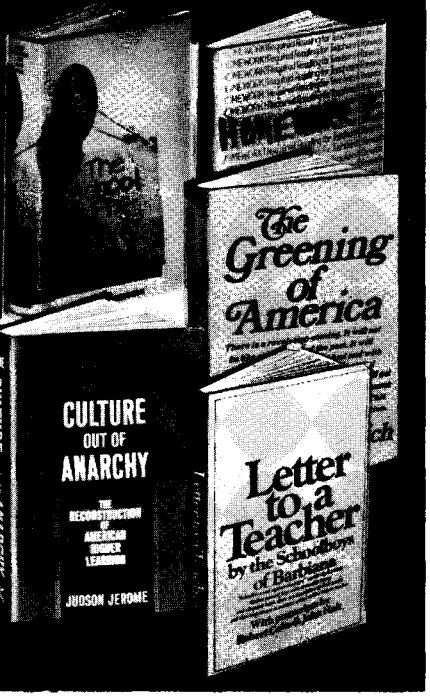


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agree that the system in general pays at least 90 percent of all hospital bills. While Blue Cross plans have a legal right to audit hospital books—one way to fix costs—the plans in general don't make audits. According to the Association, only one-fifth of the 74 plans made audits of hospitals. The Association itself might force the local plans to make audits by inspecting their books and putting pressure on them. But this is seldom done.

IF THE BLUE CROSS plans represent the interests of hospitals, they also serve as brokerage for other interests. Last spring Congressman H. L. Fountain's Subcommittee on Intergovernmental Relations opened an investigation into the affairs of the Federal Employees Plan. Fountain took particular interest in the way Group Hospitalization, Inc. (GHI), the Washington, D.C., Blue Cross plan, performed its functions as a control for this program. Under the plan, the federal government paid $45 million for benefit payments into GHI every month. As it turned out, GHI had deposited $10 to $15 million a month in non-interest-bearing checking accounts at the National Savings & Trust Co., a Washington bank whose chairman is and was treasurer of GHI. The subcommittee estimated that the FEP program lost $5 million in interest over five years as a result.

According to the testimony, in 1960, when the FEP program was set up, F. P. Rawlings, Jr., was chairman of GHI and also a stockholder in, and director of, National Savings & Trust Co. With the approval of the GHI board, Rawlings appointed Douglas R. Smith, then president of the bank, as treasurer of GHI and made him a member of the board as well. At Rawlings's recommendation, the bulk of the FEP benefit payments were placed in non-interest-bearing accounts at National Savings & Trust. Rawlings said the bank was helpful in arranging a line of credit and performed other special services for GHI. From 1960 through 1967, GHI maintained a monthly cash balance at the bank of from $10–$15 million.

Not long ago Senator Philip Hart, whose antitrust subcommittee is investigating health costs, looked into the affairs of the Richmond, Virginia, Blue Cross plan, where rates had risen dramatically and where, despite the best efforts of 25 accountants, costs had jumped from $11 million in 1969 to $13.7 million a year later. Among other things, Hart discovered that Richmond Blue Cross officials drove in company cars to a distant resort, then charged the Blue Cross plan for first-class air fare. The plan unwittingly made a $200,000 contribution to a data processing company which it believed to be non-profit but which in fact was a profit-making concern on whose board of directors sat a member of the Richmond Blue Cross directorate. Richmond Blue Cross bought $1.2 million of furniture from a company, one of whose officials was a director of Blue Cross, and it casually spent $30,000 more than necessary to lease cars because the company renting the autos was near the Blue Cross office.

IN RECENT YEARS Blue Cross has expanded in novel ways. While the plans were created as tax-exempt, quasi-public bodies to insure communities against illness, they are now swept up in ruinous competition with commercial insurance companies for the "preferred risks"—those people who seldom, hopefully never, use their insurance policies. (Both Blue Cross and the commercial companies are loath, however, to insure bad risks—those who use insurance and who most need it. They include the poor, the elderly, the chronically ill, those with hazardous occupations, and even the self-employed. Blue Cross doesn't necessarily deny insurance to these groups, but it charges them high rates and limits coverage.) In some instances insurance companies steal business away from Blue Cross by offering employers an insurance package which contains both health and life insurance. They may lose a little on health insurance, but more than make up for it with life insurance.

To meet this challenge, Blue Cross plans, particularly those in the South, have embarked on a novel tack. In two states, Texas and Illinois, non-profit, tax-exempt Blue Cross plans own and operate profit-making commercial life insurance companies. In Texas, Group Hospital Service, Inc., the Dallas Blue Cross plan, bought the charter to a life insurance company in 1960 and renamed it Group Life & Health Insurance Co. While the Texas Blue Cross plan can only operate within the state its wholly owned commercial life insurance company subsidiary is licensed in Wyoming, Georgia and Louisiana as well. In those states it combines with local Blue Cross plans in offering subscribers package deals of both life and health insurance. The local Blue Cross agents receive commissions for life insurance sales, and the profits are funneled back into the Texas Blue Cross plan. In Chicago, Illinois, Blue Cross-Blue Shield recently established Fort Dearborn Life Insurance Co., modeled along the lines of the Texas company.

In North Carolina, the Blue Cross plan owns an insurance agency which sells packages of Blue Cross health insurance along with life insurance policies from commercial companies. In Florida, Blue Cross created an insurance agency called Florida Combined Insurance Agency which in turn contracted with American Bankers Life Assurance Co., a commercial Miami firm to provide life policies.

And thus in certain instances premiums paid for health insurance by Blue Cross subscribers are invested in profit making life insurance company subsidiaries or in insurance agencies. The whole idea, of course, is to enable Blue Cross plans to follow the lead of the commercial insurance companies, and seemingly has little to do with supplying sound health insurance.

BLUE CROSS ADMINISTERS Medicare, and considering these basic trends, it is not so surprising that the program costs so much. Blue Cross first opposed Medicare then, when the writing was on the wall changed its line and supported it. Before the Senate had passed the legislation, the hospital association was nominating Blue Cross to act as intermediary between the hospitals and the Social Security Administration. The way the act was written, one insurance organization, the Social Security Administration, employed a second insurance agency, the Blue Cross system, to run the program. This arrangement opened the way for Blue Cross to establish a cordial relationship within the federal government.

Walter McNerney, the former University of Michigan business professor who leads the Blue Cross Association, helped draft the Medicare law and con-

*(Continued on Page 46)*



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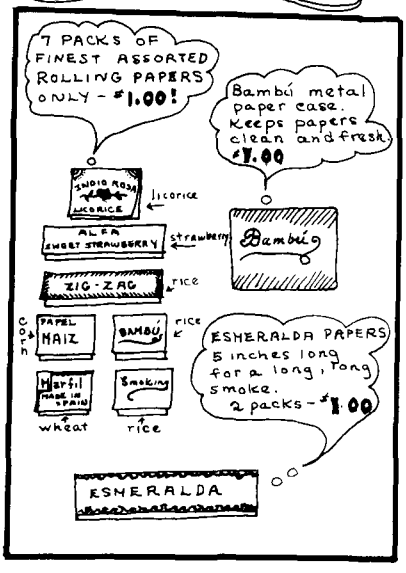


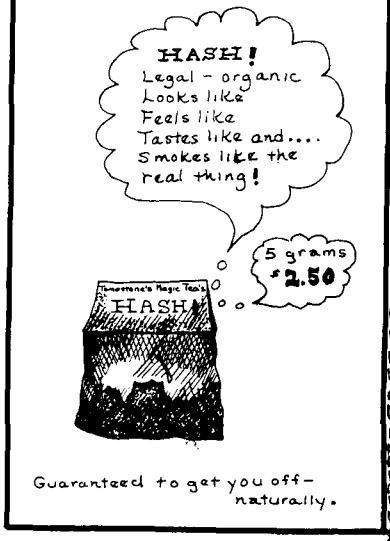


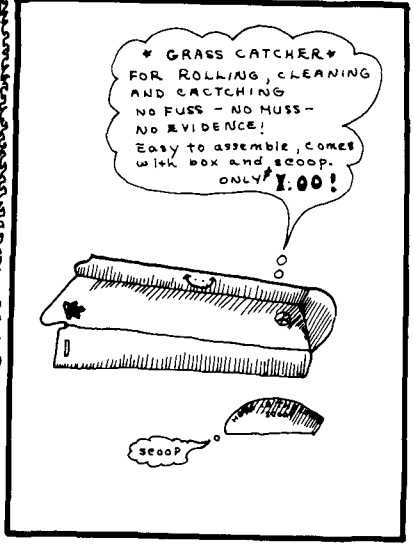
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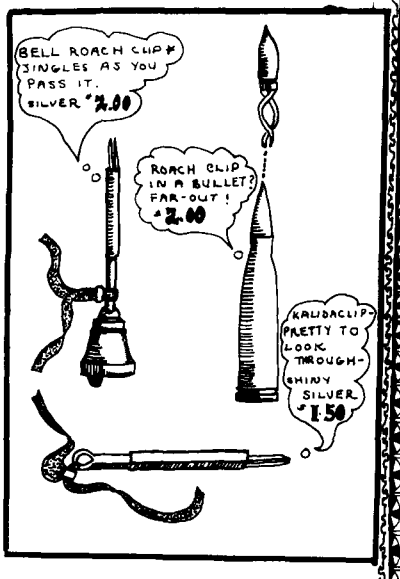
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# Oil in Vietnam

"If and when the U.S. wins its objectives there [Vietnam], oil exploration . . . could . . . turn that part of the world into another southern Louisiana/Texas-type producing area.'
—Petroleum Engineer Magazine, June 1970

"Ridiculous," said Henry Kissinger to actress and co-chairwoman of Another Mother for Peace, Donna Reed, at a recent Hollywood cocktail party; "there is no oil in Vietnam."

THE THIEU-KY regime has begun negotiations with major Western oil companies to distribute 17 lucrative offshore oil concessions in South Vietnam. The oil companies hope to sign long-term contracts before the South Vietnamese elections scheduled for September of this year.

Recent seismic surveys, conducted by a division of Ampex Corporation, indicate that the Southeast Asian oil reserves may compare favorably with those of the Middle East. Major oil companies involved in the exploration include: Standard Oil (New Jersey

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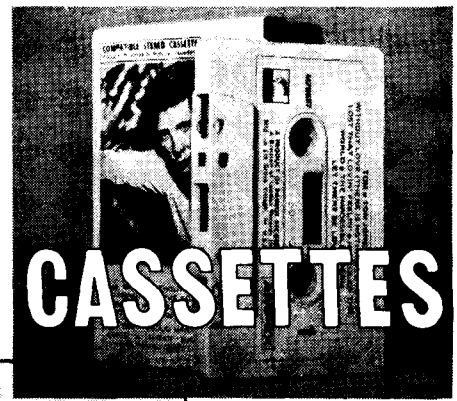

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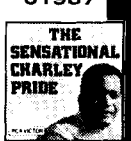


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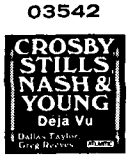


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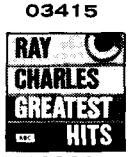


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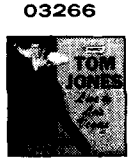


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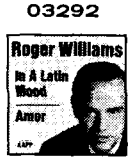


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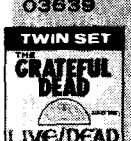


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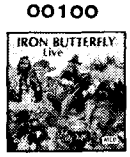


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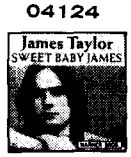


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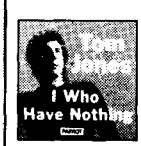


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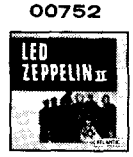


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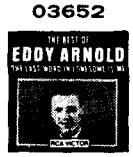


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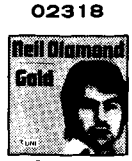


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and Indiana), Mobile Oil, Gulf Oil, Atlantic Richfield, Phillips Petroleum, Tenneco, Continental, Union Oil (California), Dutch Shell, and British Petroleum. The enthusiasm of the oil companies is reflected in Chase Manhattan Bank's estimate that $6 billion will be spent on exploration and production between now and 1980.

Interviews with middle-level oil officials suggest the oil interests may have secured commitments from the Nixon Administration to preserve the oil fields for Western exploitation only. Although this protection may spell prolonged war and misery for the Vietnamese people, it offers certain "social benefits" to the United States and Japan. According to the March 1970 issue of Fortune magazine, "Southeast Asian oil is extremely low in sulphur content and thus is increasingly favored in the pollution-conscious markets of the U.S. and Japan." Thus, in order to win the war on pollution we must first win the war in Indochina.

The Vietnamese oil discovery has been made the more significant by the attempt of OPEC, the international consortium of oil-producing countries, to force the oil companies to grant them a larger cut of Middle Eastern revenues. According to the Wall Street Journal of February 4, 1971, the OPEC action will mean a minimum $1.2 billion rise in costs to oil companies this year, though in the future the rise may reach $3 billion.

With the "free" governments of Indochina, however, American oil companies have an excellent chance to negotiate contracts on much more lucrative terms: the Vietnamese leases will give American companies a 45/55 split with the government—a far better deal than the 35/65 split now averaged with OPEC countries.

The fact that the oil companies can no longer hide their stakes in Indochina has caused some furor on Capitol Hill. A subcommittee has started investigations into the role of oil interests in American foreign policy in Vietnam. This is in response to a massive letter-writing campaign conducted by Another Mother for Peace, which asked the question, "Are American boys dying for ideals or the black profits of oil?" So far the State Department has refused to comply with the subcommittee's request for detailed information on the subject.

The reticence of the State Department, together with the oil companies' present plans for massive development of Southeast Asia oil fields, has an ominous meaning for the people of Indochina. The oil companies have apparently given Nixon the word: hold on to Indochina at any cost.

—ADAM BENNION

# Women in Congress

Democratic Congresswoman Martha Griffiths of Michigan wants day care for poor youngsters because she believes the purpose of day care should be "to take the child as many waking hours as you can. Feed it, clean it; show it how to live. Give it some training."

SO FAR THE WOMEN'S liberation movement hasn't made much headway in changing national policies which keep women down. In fact, the only federal legislation purporting to serve women which passed Congress last year was a bill providing that all female employees might name their husbands as beneficiaries of their retirement annuities.

Among the most immediate problems facing women is day care for children. Without some sort of day care, poor working women must choose between quitting jobs or leaving their youngsters in the street. Here the Nixon government sets an example by the way it treats women in the immense federal work force. Except for about 100 youngsters taken care of in demonstration day care units, the government does not provide child care for federal workers. Indeed, women who report late to work because they are held up making babysitter arrangements are docked the time, and lose vacations. Recently Nixon's Budget Bureau declared as a matter of policy that federal employees would be ineligible for child care unless they qualified under the President's proposed welfare reform program. A memorandum explained: "The [day care] centers already underway or currently planned represent an inequitable situation. . . . Expectation will be built up among other employees and the public as a whole which we cannot fulfill. . . . Nor should taxpayers be asked to subsidize such generous special benefits for a few privileged federal employees."

There are plenty of day care enthusiasts in Congress, but some of them back the scheme for perverse reasons. Democratic Congresswoman Martha Griffiths of Michigan wants day care for poor youngsters because she believes the purpose of day care should be "to take the child as many waking hours as you can. Feed it, clean it; show it how to live. Give it some training."

For their part, women's groups argue about the terms of their own legislative proposals. Women from the National Welfare Rights Organization believe that day care centers should be opened for children of the poor as soon as possible. But the National Organization of Women, a group composed mainly of professional women, insists that the principle of universal day care should guide any effort towards beginning child care centers. Since the Congress is not likely to appropriate much money for day care, this would give desperately needy women far less chance to receive help. But NOW's legislative vice president, Brenda Fasteau, says, "Maybe it's necessary to sacrifice some poor children for an economic mix. All that welfare kids are going to learn from each other is more about welfare hotels." She believes the 1970s are the beginning of a "child care era" and that "universal child care is a right



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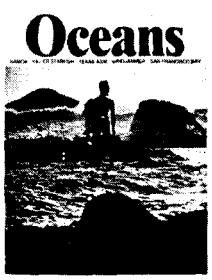


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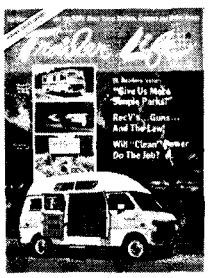

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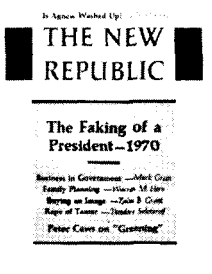


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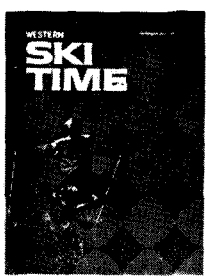


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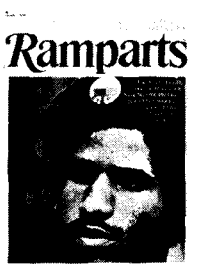


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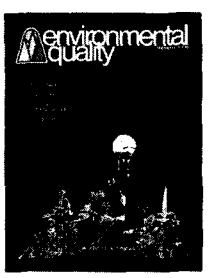


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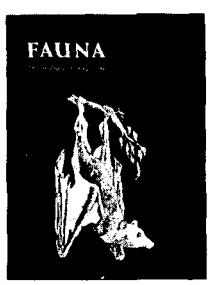


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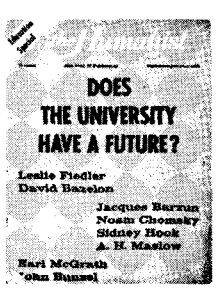


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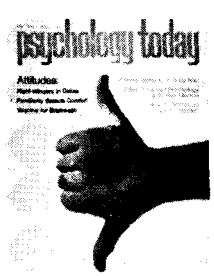


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of all children."

While the President promised he would work at ending discrimination against women, nothing much has been done. After a two-year delay the Labor Department issued some guidelines to employers, but Secretary of Labor Hodgson has not established specific employment goals for women. A committee is looking into discrimination against women. At any rate, officials at the Labor Department apparently don't think women should work. Assistant Secretary Jerome Rosow was surprised to find that almost half of all wives of men in high-income brackets work. He now wants to study the "anxieties" which led these women to seek employment.

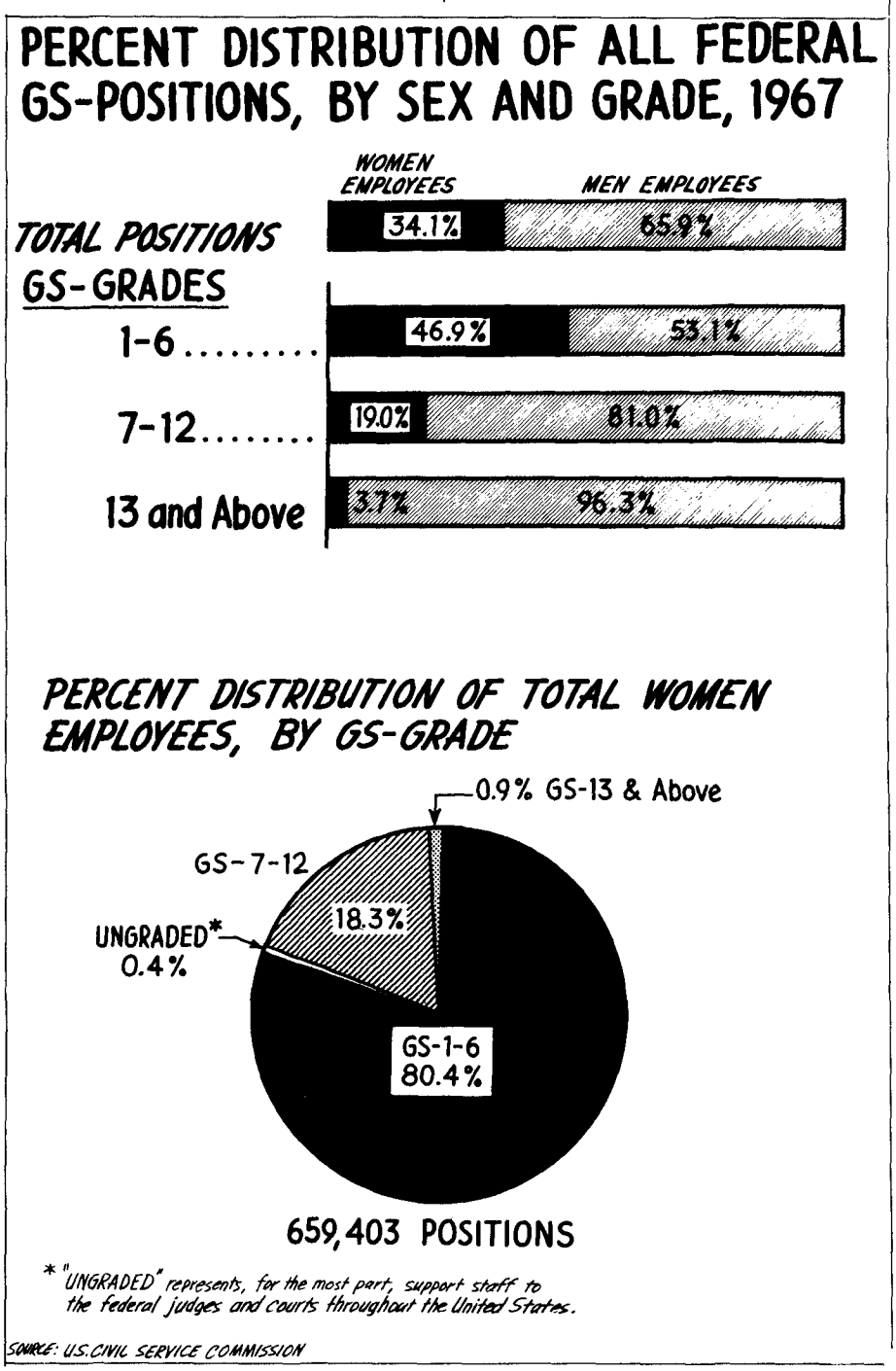
The most active and influential women's groups, such as NOW, are primarily concerned that women be trained for more interesting jobs, that they not be stuck at home because they can't find a babysitter, and that they not be relegated to the position of research assistant rather than professor. The kinds of demands middle-class women make are those most likely to find a response, but so far as these women are successful it will probably be at the expense o others to whom such questions hav never occurred. The handling of da care will be manipulated by middle class women in a way that works t their benefit. The Equal Rights Amend ment could work out the same way

This amendment, introduced by Rep resentative Griffiths, prohibits sex dis crimination, and NOW energeticall supports the bill. But the amendmen would hasten repeal of state protectiv laws. Some unions fear it would re introduce the old sweatshop exploita tion of women. When Michigan's at torney general ruled that protectiv hour laws could no longer be enforce in that state, women were put on com pulsory overtime in Detroit's Dodg Motor Co. plant. The Hotel and Res taurant Employees' and Bartenders' In ternational Union is suing Hostess Bak ing Co., an ITT subsidiary. When Mich igan's protective laws were withdrawn Hostess began working employees 12 t 14 hours a day, creating two shifts in stead of three.

The UAW and other unions witl women's departments are lined up be hind the equal rights amendment. Evei so, women with menial jobs are gener ally uncertain about the amendment Those who back it never have shown much interest in poor women. As on union woman put it, "There's not mucl community of interest between Betty Friedan and her maid."

Sometimes, though, the governmen does nice things for its women employ ees. HEW agreed to establish ar experimental Women's Action Progran (WAP) which will run six months anc cost $150,000. Just now getting under way, the program has a host of "pro gram analysts" and "organization con sultants." The staff is to tour HEW of fices, visiting women to find out wheth er they enjoy their work; if not, the an alysts will assist women in decidin what they would rather be doing. After this, WAP will sponsor sensitivity ses sions for both the men and women in the office, in order that the men may understand why the women are un happy. Then they'll try to figure out whether the programs they work on dis criminate against women. However, WAP won't handle actual complaints of discrimination; that's somebody else's job.

—FRANCES LANG



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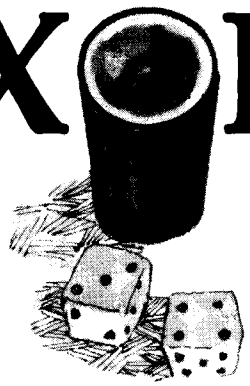

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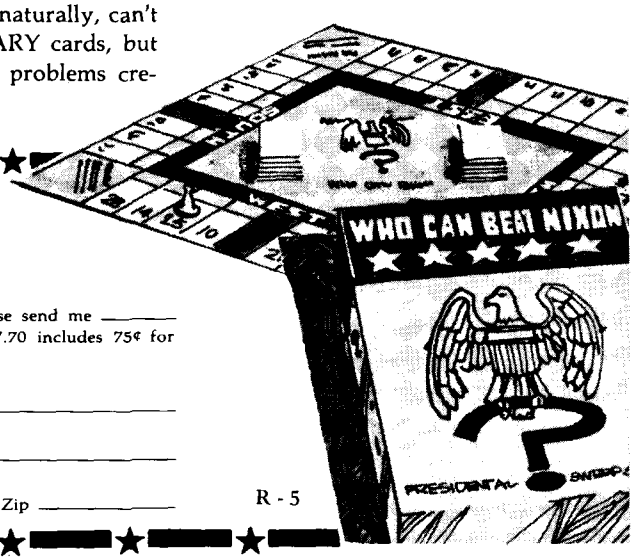


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# Mayday

SESAME STREET: The Ford Foundation could become an important fourth network if its long-range television plans work out. Ford, of course, already finances most educational television, and now, through Children's Television Workshop, producer of Sesame Street, is investigating the possibility of obtaining cable television franchises in Washington, Seattle, Boston, Los Angeles and Chicago. In Washington, Children's Television Workshop retained Charles Duncan, former corporation counsel and a friend of Mayor Washington, to get the franchise. The corporation counsel's office probably would have to agree to a franchise, so Duncan is a key man. The idea is for a foundation consortium led by Ford to put up $30–$50 million in long-term, low-interest loans to a profit-making local cable television corporation. That corporation would be wholly owned by Children's Workshop and some nonprofit "community" group created by Children's Workshop. The cable station, with 25–30 channels and a two-way capacity, would run all the Children's Workshop shows, and in addition (hopefully) bring in programs from New York as well as sporting events from Baltimore. It might also provide hook-ups for businessmen, etc. Children's Workshop wants to saturate the market, which might be done at a cost to consumers of from $1 to $5 a month. The Workshop is already writing children's books, magazines and comic strips. In addition to the popular pre-school Sesame Street program, it plans to broadcast a reading program for slightly older youngsters. In anticipation of the plunge into cable, a staff works on developing computer-assisted instructional materials.

INDOCHINA WAR CASUALTIES: During the past ten years, 800,000 people in Laos—nearly half the country's population—have become refugees. In 1968 there were 20,000 refugees. Now there are 225,000. Most U.S.-sponsored paramilitary activity in Laos has drawn from the hill tribes. Estimates from the field say that up to 50 percent of all these people—men, women and children—some 200,000 in all—have been killed.

Here are excerpts from an internal memorandum of the U.S. mission in Vientiane which indicates how the U.S. regards its allies in the hill tribes: "We must recognize that inasmuch as a great measure of the effectiveness of a military force lies in its fighting heart and its numbers, as well as leadership and equipment, the Meos and Lao Teung are no longer the military asset they were in the past—particularly when weighed against the cost of their support in dollars and in all the psychological, social, humanitarian problems that develop from the manner in which they are employed.

"In other words they have been used to the hilt and as many of them are expressing—they have had it! . . .

"Our immediate problem . . . is what to do with the mass of refugees who are moving south and west into the already crowded hill areas of Xieng Khouang and Vientiane provinces. The 1500 Black Thais as well as 39,000 ethnic Lao of Xieng Khouang province have already moved into Vientiane Plain where they are either being absorbed into the population or will show up as a social welfare problem. . . . The hill people . . . are standing on a cliff so to speak, abandoned at present by their Lao government officials and looking to us to help them.

"For the friendly Meo that are located deep in northern areas and are cut off by commie forces, it is prudent that we not aggravate their situation by our continued support or use of them in such manner that will make them targets for enemy counter-measures. They are lost to us: let's leave them alone and not trigger further actions that will worsen their lot and/or have them added to our refugee burden."

This was written before the full-scale invasion began.

In Vietnam, where there are at least one million civilian war casualties (including 300,000 civilian deaths), the U.S. is doing less, not more, to help civilian casualties. Officially, "a primary goal" of USAID is to "ease the suffering of civilians injured by war." But an investigation by the General Accounting Office found that in late 1969 the USAID director of the Office of Health Administration recommended that the project associated with civilian war-related casualties be placed in the lowest category of health concerns.

Since its last investigation of USAID health programs (in 1968), GAO found that budgeted amounts for medical care and the treatment of civilian war casualties decreased from 40 percent of the Public Health Division budget in fiscal 1968 to less than 20 percent in fiscal 1971—even though the number of casualties had not significantly decreased and the capabilities of the Vietnamese military had not increased. The GAO reported that conditions in refugee camps had deteriorated. Hospitals were in worse condition, and the United States persisted in applying its policy of reserving beds in hospitals built to treat civilians for military casualties, a practice which adds to the overcrowding of hospitals.

TAX DODGE: In his study of the West Virginia coal industry, J. Davitt McAteer demonstrates how tax rates are rigged to bolster profits of absentee landlords. A survey of 14 leading coal counties showed that 44 percent of all land was held by 25 major corporations, and of that 25, the great majority were based out of the state. Corporations often contribute to the betterment of communities which suffer them by paying taxes. The 14 coal counties contained land and buildings with an assessed value of $1.35 billion. Under the state laws, assessed value of property must be 100 percent of its true and actual value. However, tax assessors and officials at the State Tax Commissioner's Office told McAteer that actual assessment was 50 percent of actual value. On further investigation, they discovered that assessed taxes *declined* the greater the coal reserves, not the other way around. In other words, the richest counties paid the lowest taxes. To be more specific, in Boone County the assessed land value was $15.7 million. According to industry's low estimates, 696 million tons of coal are recoverable. Multiply that by the lowest margin of profit—80 cents a ton—and recoverable coal in Boone would have a net profit of $556.8 million. But under West Virginia law the maximum actual value that could have been attached to land in Boone in 1968 was $31.5 million. In fact, the coal is worth



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more than 20 times the value attached to the land by the tax assessor. This helps to explain why West Virginia is such a poor state.

TAC-NUKES: Nixon may say he's never going to use tactical nuclear weapons in Indochina, but the fact is that there are some 5500 nuclear weapons in Southeast Asia. Most of these weapons are aboard aircraft carriers and can be brought to Vietnam in short order. A substantial number are located on the Korean mainland, and according to Pentagon officials and military officers, tactical nuclear weapons are located in Thailand. . . .

• Dr. Clarence C. Walton, president of Catholic University, explaining why he could not indulge in "spiritual masochism" by allowing Ti-Grace Atkinson to speak there: "Miss Atkinson appeared at a respected sister institution [Notre Dame] where her public discourse was marred by some vulgarity, but more importantly, by strident attacks on motherhood, marriage, the church, and the virginity of the Blessed Mother. . . . The Virginity of Mary has been formally recognized as an article of faith. The act of faith requires faith to act!" He went on to explain, "William Kunstler spoke here. But that was all right because he was political. If someone disagreed with him about Vietnam, for instance, he could study the issue and decide on the facts. But you take the Virgin Birth. If you say that it's logical that every human being is the result of sexual intercourse between a man and a woman and that Jesus Christ was a human being, ergo . . . well, you can't say that, because the Catholic faith is based on the fact that Mary was a virgin. And at that faith level, when someone doesn't examine the scriptures then they don't have a place in a rational theological discussion. . . . In political matters," Walton continued, "you have institutional mechanisms to follow the issues, but when someone in a non-scholarly way attacks a dogma based on faith, well, she doesn't belong here. I mean, should a church vestibule have pornography in its literature racks?"

• When Nevada welfare recipients protested at being removed from the rolls, case workers actually *told* the women they should investigate employment as prostitutes.

EXPERTS: Section 102 of the 1969 Coal Mine Health & Safety Act requires the Secretary of the Interior to appoint an "Advisory Committee on Coal Mine Safety Research," whose members, according to the law, must be "knowledgeable in the field of coal mine safety research." The idea behind Section 102 was to provide an independent spur to the Bureau of Mines' own sluggish safety research efforts and provide the Secretary with a fresh supply of expertise.

Interior Secretary Walter Hickel never got around to appointing an advisory committee. His replacement, Acting Secretary Fred J. Russell, didn't bother with it either until last week, when a committee selected by Russell's aide, John Rigg, suddenly came into being—ten days after Rogers C. B. Morton had taken over as the new Interior Secretary. Once again, people at Interior seemed to be greatly rushed, all of a sudden, to do something they hadn't considered very urgent before—as with penalty schedules. Morton could have appointed his own people; but apparently he didn't even see the list.

The group put together by Rigg and Russell was notable for the shortage of members "knowledgeable in the field," as required by law. Moreover, questions were raised immediately about whether the committee meets another requirement of Section 102—that the chairman of the committee and a majority of the members must have no economic interest in the coal mining industry, and must not be operators, miners, or government officials. The Russell-Rigged Committee includes:

Jo Ann Gray, Denver, Colorado: Former airline stewardess; Republican National Committeewoman from Colorado. (Rigg is a former lobbyist for the Colorado Mining Association; Mrs. Gray describes herself as a long-time friend of his.) Qualifications for the job: none, by her account; an Interior spokesman said, "Her mother's folks were coal miners."

William D. Carlson, Laramie, Wyoming: President, University of Wyoming. A veterinarian, he knows little or nothing about coal mining. But his university just bagged a $200,000 federal contract for research on converting coal to oil, a pet project of Rigg's boss, Interior Deputy Secretary Hollis Dole; and a friend, Congressman Teno Roncalio of Wyoming, has just introduced a bill to double coal's ten percent depletion allowance.

Mrs. Sara Abernethy, Altus, Oklahoma: Vice Chairman, Jackson County Republican Committee, and a salaried employee of Sen. Henry Bellmon [R-Okla.], who suggested her for the Interior Committee. Her qualifications: she is the widow of a doctor and "knows a lot about medicine," according to Interior.

Robert F. Ziems, Arlington, Virginia: Recommended for the job by Representative Broyhill [R-Va.]. Outgoing Republican Campaign Chairman of Fairfax County, contributor to Broyhill's 1970 campaign. No knowledge of mining, but grew up in copper-mining section of Michigan and hopes to make "an active contribution."

At least six other members of the committee don't meet Section 102's requirement for members free of economic ties to the coal industry. H. L. Barber, Cincinnati, is a retired operator; Cloyd McDowell, Harlan, Kentucky, is president of the Harlan County Coal Operators Association; F. J. Robbins of Illinois is chief executive of a steel company—which relies on coal production and could not be expected to make safety its first priority; Lewis Evans is an aide to UMW president Tony Boyle; Harold Suter, Morgantown, West Virginia, is a vice president of Consolidation Coal, which suffered the worst mining disaster in two decades and was found afterward to have violated 50 federal safety regulations; and Ted Q. Wilson of Tennessee, lawyer lobbyist for the operator-dominated Southern Labor Union, worked with McDowell and others last year to try to have small mines exempted from the new law's tougher safety regulations.

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*(From* Coal Patrol, *February 15, 1971. This excellent bi-weekly provides inside dope on the industry. Subscriptions are $5 a year from Appalachia Information, 741 National Press Building, Washington, D.C.)*



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# The Profit Motive and the Public Interest: Wright Patman vs. the Bankers

"The half dozen largest banks in New York could acquire the six largest insurance companies and through fractional reserves could have enough money to then buy up almost all the profitable manufacturing and industrial corporations in America."

THERE WAS A CERTAIN low-key drama on that November afternoon in 1969 when Congressman Wright Patman, a diminutive white-haired 77-year-old populist from Texas, strode onto the House floor in defense of his bill which sought to regulate American banking.

At issue was a 1956 law permitting a single bank to form a holding company with itself as the principal subsidiary which could use the bank's resources to enter such industrial glamour fields as data processing, insurance, mutual funds and equipment rental. The mild, bespectacled Patman wanted to close this loophole by law; the powerful banking lobby wanted it left open.

Patman had seen the strong regulatory legislation he had introduced nine months earlier diluted in committee by one amendment after another offered by pro-banking forces. And on that Wednesday afternoon—with confident bank lobbyists interspersed in the House gallery with tourists unaware of the conflict taking place down below—Patman seemed very much the underdog as discussion began.

Four hours later, only three lines of the compromised committee bill were intact. Substituted were 13 pages of tough language based on Patman's original measure, containing a lengthy and explicit "laundry list" of prohibited activities for bank holding companies formed after the original legislation of 1956.

Although his surprising triumph was evanescent and shows the virtual impossibility even for a watchdog Congress to effectively regulate the giants in the modern American economy, Patman's temporary victory was a benchmark in his own career—whose ideological consistency rivals that of the Catholic Church. It is a career with strong populist roots. Born to Fundamentalist parents in the now-vanished Texas town called Patman's Switch, Patman came to Congress in 1928, representing 18 dirt-poor counties. This move to Congress followed two terms in the Texas legislature with Lyndon Johnson's father and then a term as a gun-toting district attorney out to clean up "wide-open" Texarkana.

Illustrated by Michael Gross

by Walter Shapiro

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PATMAN'S POPULIST TENDENCIES first attracted national attention in 1932 when he emerged as the most outspoken congressional defender of the bonus marchers for higher veterans' benefits. Earlier that year he had tried to impeach Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon, charging Hoover's chief financial advisor with conflicts of interest and eventually forcing Mellon's transfer to the diplomatic corps and the more gracious climes of the Court of St. James.

But this was actually just a rehearsal for Patman's long-standing feud with William McChesney Martin, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board from 1951 until replaced by Arthur Burns early last year. For almost 40 years, Patman has criticized the power of the Fed, claiming that its monetary operations are dominated by New York's leading banks. With the urbane Martin an appropriate symbol of New York finance and politically a far more convenient target than Democratic Secretaries of the Treasury, his running battles with Patman became one of the few political constants of the turbulent 1960s.

When Nixon came to power in 1969, then Treasury Secretary David Kennedy (the first commercial banker to head the Department since Mellon) quickly received the Patman treatment. Kennedy, former board chairman of the Continental-Illinois National Bank and Trust, the country's eighth largest bank, was bitterly and repeatedly attacked by Patman for "serious conflicts of interest" stemming from his refusal to dispose of all of his multimillion-dollar holdings in the Chicago bank.

But despite these flamboyant attacks on Martin and Kennedy, Patman's principal adversary in recent years has not been government officials, nor even institutions such as the Federal Reserve. Rather, in his attempts to regulate the financial community, Patman has pitted himself against what he calls the "single most potent lobby in Washington"—the bank lobby. This lobby has two parts. First are the ordinary people's banks, whose lobby is the visible American Bankers Association. An industry-wide trade association, the ABA represents over 98 percent of the commercial banks in this country, claiming in 1965 an annual budget of $3.5 million, of which $400,000 went to finance its Washington operations. The second set of banks are the continental monoliths represented by a more covert phalanx of lobbyists and Washington lawyers—who are themselves aided by myriad personal connections in America's financial and political spheres. Generally the ABA and these giant banks work in tandem; occasionally the ABA, whose revenues come primarily from the smaller banks, has interests different from the New York banks.

At first glance it would seem that the lobbying potential of the ABA—situated in sumptuous offices only a few short blocks from both the Treasury and the White House—would be enormous. Not only are most ABA lobbyists alumni of the staff of the Senate Banking Committee, or close to the House Democratic leadership; Undersecretary of the Treasury Charles Walker (who many say ran the Department under David Kennedy and may continue to do so under John Connally) was formerly the chief of the ABA's Washington office.

Henry Reuss [D-Wis.], the leading orthodox Northern liberal on the House Banking Committee, called them "one of the most ham-handed, over-reaching lobbies in the country. The combination of arrogance and stupidity is almost unbelievable . . . they are straight out of the days of the robber barons." Reuss's ire was sparked by two well-publicized ABA legislative maneuvers which backfired just days before the Senate-House conference committee met last November to work out a compromise on Patman's holding company bill.

### [A GATHERING OF BANKERS]

FIRST THERE WAS THE election eve revelation that the newly formed, ABA-spawned Bankers Political Action Committee (BANKPAC) had attempted to make sizable contributions to campaigns of almost all members of congressional banking committees. Even for the jaded and highly cynical arena of political finance, these sums—ranging from $1000 to $2500—were outrageously obvious. Sixteen members of the House Banking Committee and several senators refused BANKPAC contributions. Although the organization collected almost $200,000 in moderate-sized contributions, the glare of hostile publicity prevented BANKPAC from distributing more than one-third of its funds.

A few days after the election, the ABA made news again by sending out a letter to 69 banks in the home areas of the 12 legislators on the conference committee. Asking the bankers to contact the congressmen before the conference committee met, the letter instructed, "If at all possible, please make your contact in person." The letter singled out three House members—Reuss, Leonor Sullivan [D-Mo.], another Patman ally, and J. William Stanton [R-Ohio]—as particularly vulnerable because they owned bank stock. In the case of Stanton, his campaign manager, a banker, was asked to contact him. Although this maneuver was frustrated when the letter was leaked to the press, it did help to prove Patman's statement: "It's obvious that a member of Congress would be reluctant to step on the toes of a major local banker—that banker could destroy him politically. That's why many congressmen won't join me in this big fight."

The major banks, like New York City's First National City and Chase Manhattan, shy away from such raucous hustling. To them, it is the base behavior of parvenus. A visit to Owne Frisbee, chief lobbyist for Chase Manhattan, is likely to produce little more than a packet of the latest statements by David Rockefeller on the vital role banks are playing in the fight against inflation. John Yingling, generally considered the most effective bank lobbyist in Washington, is former chief clerk of the Senate Banking Committee. But he rarely deals with congressmen, personally believing that any call would have far more impact if it came from bank president George S. Moore. Not confining his lobbying to the telephone, Moore visited Washington twice in the spring of 1970 during Senate hearings on the holding company bill. In addition to testifying, Moore stopped by the offices of the Washington Post, the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal to talk to reporters about the holding company bill. Testifying at the Senate hearings along with Moore were David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan and A. W. Clausen of Bank of America, as well as a number of lesser bank



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presidents. The daily trade paper, *American Banker,* chortled that these witnesses constituted "an unprecedented gathering of banking power."

Yet actual lobbying is but one of several ways banks maintain cordial relations with Congress. Patman has charged that "freshman Members have been approached—within hours of their arrival in Washington—and offered quick and immediate loan service. In one instance the bank told the Member, 'Just write a check, we will honor it.' " Banking Committee members are not the only ones who get favored treatment from bankers. *Congressional Quarterly* discovered in 1969 that the National Bank of Washington, the city's third largest, had granted loans of up to $13,200 to over 120 House members at 6.38 percent interest at a time when the minimum interest rates available elsewhere were over 8 percent.

Many congressmen do not even need bargain loans to generate a tolerant attitude toward banking: According to 1970 figures, over 100 House members admit owning at least $5000 worth of bank stock, while Senate financial disclosures conveniently do not require revelation of stock ownership.

### [KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY]

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BANK lobby in Washington is significant in and of itself. But it is also a reflection of the more general power which the banking industry wields in the modern American economy. And if we have any information on the subject at all, it is only because of the comprehensive investigations of the role of financial institutions in our economy undertaken by the staff of Patman's House Banking Committee.

Under Patman's direction, the staff has turned out a series of landmark staff reports in recent years. Often with scant enthusiasm from other members of the Committee, staff investigators have probed the interlocking directorates among the largest banks and corporations, revealed the extent and the power of the trust holdings of major banks, and are currently delving into the sordid transactions which led to the collapse of the Penn Central.

The research has centered around a single consistent theme: that the challenge of the Southwest's new oil and aerospace industries notwithstanding, the power of the nation's largest banks is growing and goes virtually unchecked. The crude aspects of this concentration of financial power are already known. Fortune magazine charts quickly reveal that the country's 8 largest banks have assets greater than the next 42 combined. Although San Francisco's Bank of America is the largest in terms of total assets, the next six largest banks are all located in New York City—First National City, Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, Morgan Guaranty Trust, Chemical Bank–New York Trust, and Bankers Trust. David Kennedy's Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust is the eighth largest—slightly less than one-third the size of Bank of America.

However, as a 1968 Patman staff report, "Commercial Banks and Their Trust Activities," indicated, this is but the tip of the iceberg. For the banking giants not only dominate the financial field but are spreading their tentacles into industrial activity and gaining a degree of control over the national economy similar to their position at the turn of the century.

At that time, the giant New York banks—primarily J. P. Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb and Co.—dominated the economy with close financial and personal ties to the railroad, steel and oil industries. After the Depression and later government control of the wartime economy, power over the nation's industrial production left Wall Street gradually to reside in the corporate boardrooms of such cities as Detroit, Chicago and Pittsburgh. And the economists—suddenly fascinated with oligopolistic competition in American industry—were certain this shift was permanent. However, few reckoned that the rapid growth of institutional investment—such as pension funds and university endowments—administered by the trust departments of the banking giants could have dire implications. These implications are explained in Patman's introduction to the 1968 staff report: "Commercial banks control the investments of billions of dollars in funds and vote large blocks of stock of major corporations in practically every important industry in our economy. These same banking institutions have gained representation on boards of directors and serve as major sources of credit for many of these same industrial corporations."

The statistics bear Patman out. Five New York City banks control 24 percent of the bank-held trust assets in the country. The largest 19 banks, based on size of their trust assets, control over half the bank-held trust assets in America. Patman's staff studied in depth the trust holdings of 49 banks with 54.03 percent of the total bank trust assets in 1967. They discovered 176 separate instances involving 147 companies in which these 49 banks held five percent or more of the common stock of one of the 500 largest industrial corporations in the country. And these same banks held a total of 768 interlocking directorships with 286 of the 500 largest industrial corporations in America. Morgan Guaranty, the bank with the largest trust assets, holds a seat on the boards of 8 of 25 leading industrial corporations, with a total of eight votes on the boards of three of the four largest corporations in America—General Motors, Ford and General Electric.

It was against this backdrop of the expanding trust activity of the banking giants that the whole fight over one-bank holding companies took on its importance.

### [LOOKING FOR A LOOPHOLE]

ALTHOUGH CONGRESS IN 1933 prohibited banks from entering fields unrelated to banking, these strictures were circumvented in the post-war era through multi-bank holding companies. Contending that these holding companies had an unfair advantage, in 1956 Congress virtually outlawed these multi-bank holding companies, limiting their activities to fields directly related to banking. However, a last-minute loophole—ostensibly designed to help about 100 small-town banks which claimed they could not stay in business without affiliating with a non-banking firm—exempted one-bank holding companies from coverage by the bill. By 1969 this single loop-



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hole had permitted over 800 banks with more than 40 percent of the nation's total bank assets to form unregulated holding companies.

The holding company problem became particularly vexatious during the last three months of 1968 when six of the eight largest banks—including Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan—formed, or announced plans to form, one-bank holding companies. By early 1969, as Patman's committee began hearings on the bill, four of the largest New York City banks were seriously discussing acquiring major insurance companies through their holding companies. Although the negotiations were suspended, Patman warned just before the conference committee met on the holding company bill, "The half dozen largest banks in New York could acquire the six largest insurance corporations and through fractional reserves could have enough money to then buy up almost all the profitable manufacturing and industrial corporations in America."

A House-Senate conference committee eventually equivocated Patman's one-man crusade against the bankers. The two houses of Congress earlier had passed strikingly different bills regulating one-bank holding companies. Even the *American Banker* described it as "one of the most contentious sessions ever held on banking legislation." The joint conference began in mid-November 1970 and dragged on for almost three weeks, attempting to resolve the differences. In response to Patman's "laundry list" of specifically prohibited activities for holding companies, the Senate offered purposely ambiguous language requiring only that the companies' activities be "functionally related to banking." A Senate grandfather clause exempted acquisitions before February 1969.

Negotiations proceeded behind closed doors. Ultra-conservative GOP Senator Wallace Bennett of Utah stomped out of the conference room, snarling that he didn't feel like "listening to this same old speech," when Patman launched into a denunciation of bankers' avarice. Tempers had already flared over a letter Patman had written to the Federal Reserve System asking for comment on the House bill. Then Jack Anderson published a column charging that Bennett, Senate Banking Chairman John Sparkman of Alabama, and Senator John Tower [R-Texas] were making a "last-ditch effort to cripple the bank holding company bill." Sparkman angrily charged that Patman—who often uses the Anderson column to publicize closed sessions—had "leaked" the story to the press. As Patman attempted to respond to these charges, Bennett, in another display of temper, angrily told Patman to shut up and let Sparkman finish. All during the bitter rumbling, more than a dozen banking lobbyists had mounted a continuous vigil in the dimly lit Capitol corridor outside the conference room, now depending on the Senate conferees to emerge with a bill acceptable to bankers.

The bill which emerged from these heated and often complex sessions and finally won approval by both houses discarded Patman's "laundry list" of prohibited holding company activities, offering instead moderately restrictive language close to the 1956 law—all of it to be administered by the Federal Reserve Board. But the major change occurred over the questions of the grandfather clause exempting holding companies formed after June 30, 1968, from the new legislation. As a sop to Patman, the Fed was required to apply the standards of the new law to all holding companies with more than $60 million in assets, regardless of when they were formed. Four days after the bill was signed into law, the First National City Bank announced its acquisition of one of the nation's leading management consultant firms.

## [SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BANKER]

IN THE END, PATMAN'S IRONY is that he is left depending on the Fed—which he has often said is the captive of the New York banking giants—to effectively regulate the holding companies formed by these same New York City banks. Though he praised the bill that finally was passed, the fact of the matter is that the aging populist is caught in a dilemma. Pragmatic daily battle with the Morgans and the Rockefellers produce the kind of enigmatic qualities that baffle even his friends. At one moment he rails at the motivation of raw greed, dangling the threat of nationalization before their eyes. At the next he echoes the Urban Coalition, calling for a marriage of "the profit motive and the public interest."

But despite talk of nationalization and other semi-radical nostrums, Patman is at heart a deep believer in decentralized capitalism. His personal friendships with major Texas industrialists and financiers merely reinforce the suspicion that Patman's fear of the giant New York City banks is primarily geographical rather than ideological. "Consideration should be given," he said, "to limiting the size of banks and private industry in all fields . . . they shouldn't be allowed to have a boarding house reach."

Not surprisingly, Patman tends to romanticize the small banker. "Generally smaller banks do a good job . . . That's the kind of bank I want—locally owned and locally controlled." Long a fervent backer of credit unions and other non-banking financial institutions, Patman has announced that one of his major efforts in the 92nd Congress will be to grant savings and loan associations the power to issue checks and perform other bank functions. Citing neighborhood social pressure as a tempering factor on the profit motive, and sounding a little like a publicist for the ABA, Patman called most local bankers "good citizens."

Patman is not alone in Congress in romanticizing small-town, decentralized American life. There are others who see the enemy as the oligarchs encrusted like barnacles on the hull of the American economic system; there are others who try to live up to copybook maxims of public service as they grapple vainly with the giants of Eastern finance. But the alternative to Wall Street is not Sinclair Lewis's Main Street. The alternative to Chase Manhattan is not Norman Rockwell's Americana. And Wright Patman, who has fought the good fight, can't take us back to the one-small-bank town where he was born, because it's no longer on the map.

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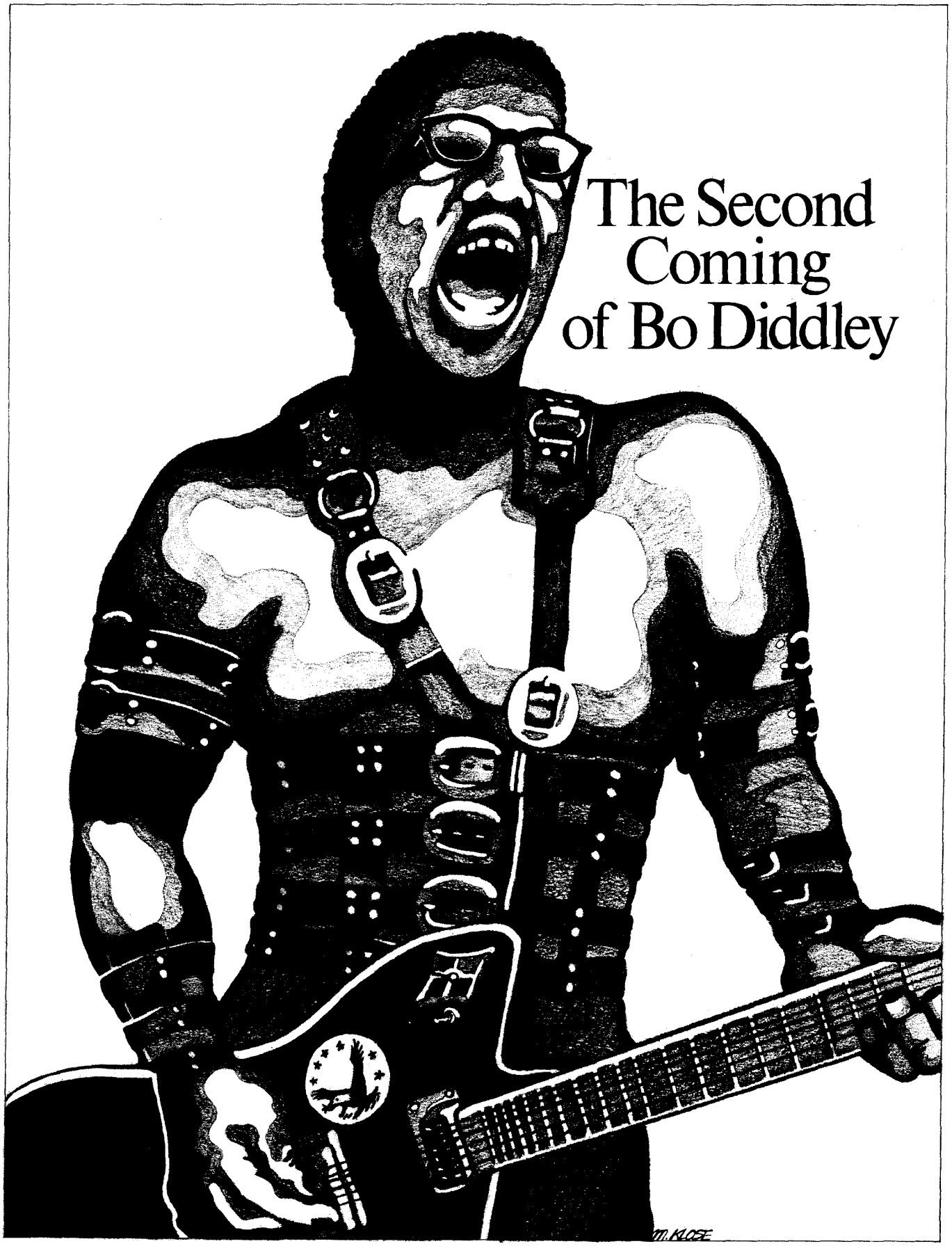


Illustration by Martha Geering Klose

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"A person is an individual, and being an individual person is a gas. I have my own way of expressing my soulful feelings. I never wanted to be like anybody else and I can't copy anybody else. I got my own bag of tricks."

*Everything I know I taught myself.*
—BO DIDDLEY

# by Michael Lydon

BO DIDDLEY, A PROTEAN GENIUS and as great an artist as any who has graced American shores, lives in exile in California's San Fernando Valley. His house, a medium-to-large tan ranch-style, is on the 17500 block of a winding street in that suburban nation. It is surrounded by cars. In front is the orange Dodge he bought for his wife's birthday because he had a lot of work in August. Beside it is a Ford LTD limousine he got cheap from a chauffeur service a few years ago. In the side drive are four more cars, all flashy Detroit numbers Bo salvaged from junkyards and then transformed. He works on them in his spare time (of which in exile he has a lot) to keep his mind off money worries and his hands busy. He could quit the music business any time—he's been threatening to for years—or, he adds, he could lose a finger; in either case he hopes car work could be his living.

A big tree with small, shimmering leaves shades the house prettily. On the stoop beside the screen door, which hangs limp from countless bangings, are cases and cases of RC Cola empties. To the left, seen through a window, hangs a picture of Bo so big that only his glasses and one ear are visible. There are always kids on the stoop—one of Bo's own four or his two grandchildren, or almost any kid in the neighborhood: Bo's house is the hangout for the whole block. Scattered underfoot are dozens of cancelled checks; when Bo noticed them, he first said the hell with 'em, then figured he'd better clean them up because some might be important for business.

His exile is not complete, nor is it entirely bitter. Indeed, it could be said not to exist. Bo Diddley does play what jobs he can get; last winter he recorded an LP, *The Black Gladiator*. Everybody calls him "the great Bo Diddley" and awards him place as a founder of rock 'n' roll. Yet in a perfectly simple way he is without honor in his own land. The return to him, in any form, has not been commensurate with what he's given, and he knows it. He wants what he deserves, but he's too proud to beg. So he's biding his time, looking for work and fixing up his cars.

In the kitchen his wife Kay, a tall and beautiful woman, is making dinner. Tan, Bo's oldest daughter, is helping; her husband, who works in a Valley styrofoam plant (night shift), and two kids are in the living room, kept dark in the late afternoon for the TV. Walter Brennan is on in some crummy serial—another underrated artist doing time. Two white teenie-boppers from the block are watching from the sofa. Connie, who writes songs and plays rhythm guitar in Bo's band, is giving her chihuahua, Poopsie, a good scratch; Bambi, Kay's chihuahua, is looking on jealously.

Spider, Bo's shaggy mutt, is asleep under the carved Japanese chair, and Bo himself is seated at the card table, half an eye on the tube, the other eye and a half on the life around him. He's washed up from his day underneath the Chevy van, but he's still in a T-shirt and baggy corduroy jeans. Ricky McMillan, an old friend who is temporarily living in a room beside the studio out back, walks in with a stack of shrimp cocktails and some Slim Jim sausage sticks. Bo takes four of the shrimp tins for himself and orders one of the kids to put the Slim Jims beside his bed. The kid goes. Bo is Daddy in his house.

He digs into the shrimp methodically, from time to time scratching his chin with the plastic fork. It's tiny in his hands, which are huge and hook-like, cracked like a laborer's. His arms are thick beams and his shoulders are rounded like the great Marciano's. Bo Diddley is a small black mountain, mobile but immovable. The peak is his hard, round head, and from it, through glistening glasses, beam eyes whose fire he can hood but never quench. When he laughs, his mouth falls way open, baring wide gaps between his teeth; his eyes almost spark.

Bo shrugs. His shrimp are gone. Spider is nosing around the fake bonzai tree beside the fireplace. "Spider!" Bo calls, his voice booming with reproach. "What you doin',' dog? Tammi, take Spider out before he lets go." Spider, as woebegone as I ever saw a dog, trails out in disgrace.

"Kay, d'you see what Spider tryin' to do? *Spider,* messing around that bush, hah, he know better than that."

Bo looks down his nose at tiny Poopsie, yapping at all the commotion. *"That* dog, hah! Hey, somebody throw that joker down the garbage disposal." He laughs at his own joke.

"As I was saying," he continues, "I started out doing my thing. I did my thing, am still doing my thing and plan to keep doing my thing; but see, where I lost a lot of my stepping ground is right here: I had the doorknob in my hand. I opened the door—everybody's *gone*. Are you ready for that?" His eyes are burning.

[II]

AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS DIVIDED their response to creativity into two bags, one for Art and one for entertainment. Proud of their Art, they have enjoyed their entertainment not because all entertainment is art, but because the greatest artists in America have in their own times been considered entertainers. There are good writers, architects and painters who have always been "taken seriously," but the bulk of the heavies have, like Raymond Chandler, Buster Keaton and Billie Holiday, been out there to please the people. Their art is the work they do. They either get paid for it or they don't,

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but they are not "supported" as "artists" are. Their self-effacement tends to make their art invisible; their generosity puts their audience so at ease that the masses are quick to make the proffered gifts their own—the admission fee means you don't have to say thank you. Those masses have been more beloved than loving; after success's first and only honeymoon, many popular artists have had long struggles to keep alive the romance on which their livelihood and means of expression depended. Though famous, they have often been lonely, and their rewards have been so mixed with abuse that it's hard to tell them apart.

With these artists in popular media, Bo Diddley stands in the first rank. His lifework evidences a cohesive and profound vision, sustained by a confident personality and driven home with a power dark as voodoo. His values, drawn directly from his own life, are universally human, and he makes them convincing, even overpowering. A master of his craft, he has made major innovations within it. He is a fine musician, a singer of great gusto and, rare indeed, a devoted teacher. He's more funky than primitive, and funky can be sophisticated too. Inadmissible fare for honky TV, he is too large a presence for the modern stage. Though the rock industry is not sure it wants him, the only art that can contain him today is rock 'n' roll music.

To the same extent that Bo is under-appreciated, so is this music. "I don't want any more of that 'great Bo Diddley' b. s.," says Bo; rock 'n' roll doesn't need it either. In the news since its inception, it has, since the Beatles, been one of the most important things happening on the planet. It's not often that music has such a prominent place in world affairs; when it does, it is usually at a moment important also to music's own history.

In the early 1950s, music in America was in healthy shape—a lot of different bags, and good people working in all of them. Jazz was cooling off after a period of intense innovation. Pop was insipid, but blues and country were gaining: blues was becoming rhythm and blues, and Hank Williams was a revival by himself. Modern classical music was only slowly making headway against the overwhelming popularity of works from the 19th century and before. A few composers were going electronic, and John Cage was circling about. Yet in one sense all was stagnant, for music had not yet boldly crossed its latest frontier: electricity, the only absolutely new addition to music-making for generations.

Electricity had been available to music for decades in three forms—the creation of sound in electric instruments, the storing of it on records, and the broadcasting of it by amplification and radio. All three had been used by musicians but to a degree far below their revolutionary potential; none had *become* music. Radio, with its Make-Believe Ballrooms, was still trying to "take you there" instead of *bringing* you something new. The fact that no one style of music dominated the medium indicates that no one had found "radio music." The same is true for records, on which editing was still primitive and which in no case were considered an art form on their own. Except for the tentative experiments of the electronicists, it was the same again for electric instruments—they mostly made the sound a little louder.

Electricity was up for grabs, and the question (which I doubt anyone asked) was, who would get it? Who would find that music to make records music, not copies of it; to make radio a medium, not a transmitter? Who could make beautiful music on electrical instruments? There was quite a prize for the winner, for that musician who could put electricity in the service of his art might bring down walls higher than Jericho's.

WHO GOT IT? The niggers, they got it. Not the whole story, but pretty close. A bunch of musicians in their twenties, either black or else whites in love with black American music, started playing in a way indefinably but definitely new. It got called rock 'n' roll, achieving consciousness of itself as a unique genre almost immediately. Founded on blues, it was a patchwork of many musics, but at least two things set it apart.

First, electricity was indispensable to it. Rock 'n' roll energy could survive, even thrive, on electronic storage and dispersal; it was a music as used to the speed of light as the speed of sound. Almost always played with some electric instruments, it made radio and records its secondary instruments. It took over radio in a few years (rescuing it from its prophesied murder by TV), and has by now almost completed its victory in recording. Producer Ralph Bass dates rock from his "Open the Door, Richard" of 1946, not only because it was an R&B hit that crossed over to pop, but because he faded the end. Rock 'n' roll has been the inspiration for, or used best, many of the breakthroughs in recording technology of the past 15 years.

Second, rock 'n' roll had a feeling, an indelibly vivid something *more;* in the beat but more than the beat; that intensity that made non-believers call it noisy when played low, but made believers know it had to be played *loud.* That feeling—not one emotion, but from a new emotional level—was energy released by the discovery of the possibility of freedom. Nothing less than that could have made electricity its ally. Rock 'n' roll was black American liberation music (a tune quickly taken up by young whites); its creators were black heralds. Though there hadn't been much "progress," "Negroes" were recovering from the traumas of captivity and enslavement. Rock 'n' roll occurred at that moment in the healing when the patient, if not well, first gets back on his feet. More blacks had confidence in their own worth and were eager to assert it. The story of that attitude growing into a movement and then a revolution is as well known as rock 'n' roll's, and the two are clearly linked in parallel.

Even within the black musical tradition rock 'n' roll was a brash development. By the early '50s, black musicians, though often in a favored position, had been only slightly more aggressive socially than black people at large. They stuck to their own and tried to please (or at least certainly not to offend) when in the white world. Much truth was said in irony and understatement, but the involuted style and language of the '40s bebop (a re-bop) movement was as outrageous as black musicians had dared get.

Rock 'n' roll stars were relatively wild men. Flamboyant to the point of eccentricity, they wrote songs, all crisp and short, as up-to-date as their cars and flashy clothes. Tech-



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nically less intricate than their jazz contemporaries and less subtle than their blues predecessors, they had as compensation a genius for stagecraft. They played their blues with a heavier beat, wrote gaudier lyrics, and reached beyond the blues to take ideas from pop, country and gospel. They avoided blues' hard life themes, concentrating instead on the joys of dancing; the sexual metaphors of the blues they extended into cocksure statements of total male potency. Their aim was to get the message of "feeling good" across by any means necessary—and they did.

Of the many black creators of rock 'n' roll, four stand pre-eminent: Little Richard, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. Little Richard is an "ecstatic" more than an artist; what he does, by his own admission, is up to God more than to himself. Antoine Domino's music rolls on as surely as the Mississippi through his native New Orleans. Chuck Berry, an angry and accurate prophet, makes rock 'n' roll about rock 'n' roll. Bo is their Prometheus. His songs are hymns to himself. Not that he is vain—the reverse—but he is one black boy who made 21, and that is a discovery worth a thousand songs.

[III]

*I'm a Man*
*I spell it*
*M, A, N,*
*MAN*

ELLAS MCDANIEL (BO DIDDLEY is a childhood nickname that stuck) was born on December 30, 1929, in Magnolia, Mississippi, which makes him nominally a Delta-born bluesman. But his mother, then only 16, moved downstate to McComb when Bo was a baby. He never saw his father, and after age six was raised not by his mother but by her cousin, Mrs. Gussie McDaniel, who took him with her children when she moved to Chicago in about 1934.

"My real mother is a high-spirited and wonderful woman," he said at the start of three days of talking about his life, "and I always dug that she couldn't raise me. About my father, I don't think he and my mother were ever really together. I never cried over not seeing him, but I do feel he could have been a man and come by once to say hi. Even if he didn't have nothing to give, just say hi. It would have been the greatest thing in the world.

"Know something? I'm classed as a Negro but I'm not: I'm what you call a black Frenchman, a Creole. All my people are from New Orleans, the bayou country. Just like Fats. French, African, Indian, all mixed up. I like gumbo, dig? Hot sauces, too. That's where my music come from, all the mixture. Some peoples are known for this, some for that. Mix 'em and it can get weird, hah!"

Listening to Bo was an experience; he'd talk in wide-ranging circles, pausing for great chunks of his philosophy in between the facts of his life, which he had little interest in organizing in sequential patterns. He could get serious about memories dear to him, but his chief attitude was the rough-and-ready logic of a man who keeps a wry eye on everything that's going down and isn't afraid to speak his mind. A few times he approached things he thought he shouldn't discuss, then he'd go ahead; "I'm not a person to lie about anything" was his explanation.

He remembers being lonely as a little boy—"I think that's why I like people around now"—but in Chicago there were plenty of cousins to play with on the sidewalks



Photos by Robert Altman

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of the South Side around 47th and Drexel. Racially nothing had changed. "Where I was living, it was just like Mississippi. We could cross Drexel Boulevard and be in *trouble*. There was a mass stupid confusion goin' on all the time, and even as a child I called it what I call it now: stupid. I was never taught to hate people but 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' That is beautiful.

"I got a paper route across Drexel, man. Me and my cousin. I was about 12 years old. We had made three or four deliveries the first day, and we had to cut it loose or get half *hung* over there. This is the way things were and I just couldn't see why people had to be this way."

Home was strict and proper. Bo wasn't supposed to leave the block without permission; his uncle, who still works at a meat packing plant, and his adopted mother were regular members of the Ebeneezer Baptist Church. Another uncle (his mother's brother) is the pastor of several churches in Biloxi, Mississippi, and Bo calls himself a very religious man, "even though I play rock 'n' roll." But the Ebeneezer Baptist, with its big organ, robed choir, and Sunday school, was never his bag. When he was seven he made the mistake of saying one day that he wanted a violin like the man in church. His parents couldn't afford one, so the church scraped together $30 and bought him one. That was his first instrument and he labored at it, instructed by Professor O. W. Frederick, for 12 years. Today he remembers he played music by "those German guys, Heichhof or something, I could pronounce 'em when I was into it."

The music he yearned for was "down home." "I used to stand around and listen at the sanctified church. Break off from home and stand on the sidewalk and look in the door. Or they'd leave a window open and I'd climb on a milk crate and peep in at 'em dancing and shaking their tambourines, and I'd say, 'One day I'm gonna get me something that sounds like that.' A thing I used to hum was a thing they used to play all the time." He turned to a piano, fiddled, then played a gospel chorus, the chords ascending, falling, going up to a climax, then falling back to rest. In them, partly disguised by the religious flavor, was the Bo Diddley beat. Chink-a-chink-chink, ca-chink-chink. Chink-a-chink-chink, ca-chink-chink. Steady as a rock. Bo turned back.

"And that always stuck with me. The Baptist church was all stately and calm, but in the sanctified church, everything was rockin'! This is where I got part of my rhythm; my music is really based around a religious beat."

He was 13 when his half-sister gave him his first guitar, to the horror of his adopted mother. She wanted him to be a concert violinist, but for Bo the violin faded into the background, and by 15 he and his guitar were out on the streetcorner with a cousin on washboard, picking up nickels and dimes. By that time he was out of school and had started boxing, then as important as music to him; a four-eyes had to look out for himself.

"I was trying to figure out about growing up and molding myself to manhood, and since I knew I had to walk this dirt road alone, I might as well learn not to be scared. Boxing was it. I was a light-heavy, one of those hard-hitting dudes, hah! Used to go to a neighborhood gym or over to Eddie Nichol's gym at 48th and Michigan. It wasn't that I wanted to be tough, but I think you should like something rough, to be a *man*. I figure 'man' means more than being male. Like the word 'woman.' What does a woman do? She bears children. This is something great, so she has a title: woman. *Man*, that's a *word*, looks like to me. 'Man' means to me a cat is supposed to protect him-



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self as well as his family, put his life on the line for them. Having the opportunity to be a husband, father and provider is a good title, if you live up to it."

BY THE TIME HE WAS 16 his streetcorner group had progressed to the point where it had a name, the Langley Avenue Jive Cats (sometimes it was the Hipsters): Roosevelt Jackson on washtub bass, Jerome Green on maracas, and Bo on guitar. Jerome, of "Bring It to Jerome" fame, joined by accident. "When I met Jerome, he was a jazz cat, played a tuba that was bigger than he was. One day when we had nothing to do I brought him some maracas and taught him how to shake 'em. I said, 'Hey, why don't you come down to the corner and pass the hat for us?' He said he couldn't; that was begging. Begging? Hah! It was *work*. But he came in his Buick—a real smoker, made five gallons to 20 blocks—and passed the hat, saw the dollars falling in, and asked me next day, 'Bo, when you gonna play that corner again?'

"We was then playing behind a cat named Samuel Johnson; he could sing like Billy Eckstine and he sanded, too." I looked blank. "Sanding? Oh, he was terrific. He'd carry a bag of sand around and a piece of board. We'd play 'Tea for Two' or something, and he'd get up on a board and do a thing, his feet *gliding*. That cat cracked up. I thought he was beautiful, but he was no Casanova-looking dude, and people telling him he was ugly broke him. Don't know what happened to him, but he was something else.

"Music I liked was Louis Jordan and Nat Cole. John Lee Hooker, too. I tried to catch his strange guitar sounds, but at first I couldn't understand him. My main man was Muddy Waters. He and Little Walter used to play at a place—man, I got throwed out of there enough times 'cause I was under age. They had a jukebox near the door. I'd get in the corner between the juke and the cigarette machine where I could split when I saw the man coming. One night I got slapped upside the head." But Muddy was only a few steps from playing on the street himself, and when Bo and the Jive Cats had a few sides up, they started hustling for club dates.

"Man, we played some *smokey* holes, bars under the El station, in storefront clubs, and it was hard, so hard you was looking for the *worm* to pull the *robin* into the ground, you dig? You ask cats like Muddy and Willie Dixon and J. B. Lenoir, you ask 'em how hard it was to get five dollars or six dollars together on a weekend. When you worked a club you *worked* it. Sometimes I'd make less than I would on the street, because on the street they'd say, 'How cute that boy is,' and put in 50 cents; but in a club you had to have it together or be *cut*."

Blues couldn't pay the bills or even come close; off stage, Bo was just one more black man looking for work. "I was on relief when my oldest daughter Tan was nine months old. I couldn't get a job noplace. I knew how to run a whole lot of different machines but no use. Back in 1951, '52, '53, I'm talking about. I went to get some welfare and I told the people my kid was hungry and sick *right now*, and they told me I had to make one more trip down there before I could get any money. What was I supposed to do—turn off a valve to stop her from crying because she was hungry? The next step was to stick somebody up, and I didn't want to do that.

"When a cat dedicated to his family gets so his hind parts is dragging and he can't get work—I have been this way. I ain't just sitting here talkin'. Every morning I'd get up and walk from my home on 47th Street down to 12th Street, trying to find a job. Get on the streetcar 'til the conductor saw me, then jump off and wait on the next one. I was looking for anything, plain labor, but you'd go into a place and they're talking 35–40 cents an hour. That's no money; that's about $29 a week. Are you ready for that? You wouldn't believe it existed in the '50s, but I worked on some of 'em. I unloaded boxcars, and then I drove dump trucks. Truck driving wasn't so bad, but there was discrimination against black drivers. I'd drive to the stone quarry and couldn't get no stone. Everybody was told a black dude's bad business; a black dude ain't even supposed to *be* there. I just told people, 'Hey, man, I'm a *man*. I don't give a damn what color I am, I didn't ask to come into this world no way.'

"If you got no money in this country, you is out of it. 'Land of the free and home of the brave'—hah! Ain't *nobody* free in America without money." When Bo gets talking about money he gets angry. With those who've worked a lifetime without ever feeling financially secure, he can become obsessed with money, licking wounds long open. He doesn't like to harp on the subject, but has decided not to avoid it. He does try to be fair. "One thing: a lot of black people don't want to see nothing but that they've been mistreated for 350 years or whatever it is they are screaming about, but there is whites who've been in as much hard luck as the black man. Down in Mississippi the only difference between us and some white folks was that they could go in the front door of a restaurant and sit down and eat, and the black cat had to go in the back and stand. But we was *all* scratching, you dig?"

IN 1954 HE WAS 26; he had quit boxing because he saw no future in it except getting punchdrunk, and he was working regularly as a bluesman. He was still driving trucks, and when he made his first record it was not because he had plans of becoming a full-time professional. "I went in to Chess Records 'cause I finally realized it was right around the corner from where I lived. Went in, did my thing, signed a mess of papers and went out, feelin' no different. I heard I had a hit in a couple of weeks. Scared me to death; I didn't know what was happening. I had never been nowhere in my life, and they told me I'd have to go on the road.

"My first contract was for $800. Two nights in New Orleans, me and Howlin' Wolf on the same show. I had never seen $800 in one pile in my life. I took off for New Orleans and got lost, taking the road for St. Louis instead. I played the job and made it back home with 35 cents. We had blowouts, breakdowns, tickets from the Southern police, in and out of jail once, and paying the musicians—oh, man, was I green, I didn't know nothing. But I went to school and I *learned*, man, the hard way. They graduated me—put me from kindergarten right through *college!*

"Then I quit driving, but it wasn't because of the record really. I was gonna quit anyway. A few months before, my daughter had been sick, and the boss told me that if I



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took a day off to take her to the hospital he'd make me take four days off without pay. So I did what he would have done if it had been his kid sick. I said, 'Crazy, you get the four days ready, 'cause I'm going.' 'You *need* a rest,' he said. Man, it was a bad scene for a black dude then.

"A while later I made the record. I walked up to him one day and said, 'Here's your keys, baby.' He looked at me and said, 'What's this?' 'I ain't going this morning,' I said. He says, 'Mac, did you make a record?' I said, 'Yeah, how you like it—pretty nice, huh?' He said, 'This record got anything to do with it?' I says, 'Not really, but remember the day you threatened me a few months ago? About how I needed a rest? Well, now I'm taking a rest, a long rest, man.' "

The record he had made was "Bo Diddley" and "I'm a Man," two roughly hewn self-portraits. "Bo Diddley" is in the form of an old folk round ("Daddy's gonna buy you a looking-glass; if that looking-glass should break," etc.). But Bo slips in a few jokes ("If that diamond ring don't shine, I'm gonna take it to a private eye; if that private eye can't see, he ain't gonna get that ring from me"), boasts of catching a bearcat, and floats out on a piece of nonsense—"Hey, Bo Diddley, have you heard, my pretty baby says she's a bird." His beat is there, fully realized, Bo setting it with his guitar, maracas and drums played like congas underpinning it. That beat has often been described as "shave and a haircut, two bits," the joke rhythm you beep on your car horn at the drive-in. Nothing is further from the truth. Bo's beat is his own pulse made art. More than a signature, it is his ultimate statement, the stable matrix from which his music flows.

Yet the beat, a four-four shoved off center, is complex and changing. Bo can and does syncopate it any way he wants to. His physical strength makes it profoundly sensual, and the maracas evoke a past (African or Haitian?) that came before the blues. On one hand dense, its ambiguity of shadings opens it up and keeps it moving. It is the Bo Diddley beat; "Everybody from New Orleans," Louis Armstrong once said, "got that thing."

"I'm a Man" is a more standard blues, Bo's obvious tribute to his idol Muddy Waters and "Hootchie-Kootchie Man," a Willie Dixon blues that had become Waters's trademark. But it is just the difference between "Hootchie-Kootchie Man" and "I'm a Man" (and between Muddy and Bo) that marks the difference between the blues and rock 'n' roll. Bo's song is good imitation Muddy until the refrain; then Bo delivers his "I'm a Man" bit. Spelling it out to avoid any mistake, Bo rings the consonants like tolling bells. The refrain stands as an independent entity in the song; the sureness of its voicing makes the Muddy-style choruses that surround it, with their magic and exaggerations, seem boasting. But "Bo Diddley" was the "A" side, the novelty hit which established Bo as a jokester, a "rock 'n' roller," less serious than the "bluesmen" who preceded him. In "I'm a Man" Bo's continuity with and development from the blues is expressed. Bo was a good pupil, with good teachers. "We knew at the time there was a difference between me and Chuck on one hand, and Muddy and those cats on the other; but it wasn't no generation gap," said Bo, "we were just younger, that's all.

"The same thing is true today with the cats that are younger than me," Bo went on. "But, man, I don't know what we're gonna do now that Jimi Hendrix copped out on us. He took *my* thing one step further. He was the only black cat who could play psychedelic."

[IV]

AT A BREAK IN TALKING on the first day, Bo gave me a tour of the house. "As you can see, I have a family and we don't live fancy," he said; "I don't believe in living beyond my means." True enough; Bo's place is a family-worn home. In the breezeway there are old toys, bikes with one wheel, and folded patio chairs. The pool is empty; Bo will sandblast it one day, but now the kids use it for baseball. Past that is the cinderblock studio he built, a two-track job with a darkroom in one corner. It's mostly used as a rehearsal hall for the teenage bands Bo coaches for free. By the garage are scattered tools and a pile of sand left over from cement work.

Inside, the few decorator items, like the carved Japanese chairs, don't disrupt the calm of the wall-to-wall and the drapes. On a wall near the bathroom is a gold record for the "Outstanding Album Sales in 1962" of *Bo Diddley's a Gunslinger*; Bo paid for it himself. The kitchen door is the only door anybody uses and the kitchen is the center of the house. It's Kay's room. Kay tries to stay out of Bo's public life because she knows some fans like to think of him as single, and because she knows people are prejudiced. Kay is white and from Georgia.

"The first time I met Ellas," she said, in a soft twang, "I drove 250 miles to see him and 250 miles back. He and Jackie Wilson were the only ones I'd drive that far to see. It was 1960. My girl friend was going with a guy in the show, and before it started, Bo sent a girl out with the message, 'Come to me.' I played it cool and said, 'He knows where to find me.' But later we went up to the dressing room. He was sitting there like King Tut, aiming at playing around, here tonight, gone tomorrow, like the rock 'n' roll star he was. But I had some money to follow him, and time—I wasn't doing anything else. He wasn't figuring on that. Tried to avoid me for a while, then he gave up."

Partners in business and song writing as well as family life, Bo and Kay get along extremely well. The bedroom is their room and they are proud of it. You enter to face a trellis covered with a jungle of plastic plants; all is dark until you get accustomed to the glow of indirect red lights along the ceiling. The long-tufted carpet is black and very deep; the walls are black, too, and there are more plastic jungles along the baseboards. One wall is walk-in closets. At one end of it are Bo's old show clothes, including the few ruffled shirts left of the 175 he once owned. His guitar is in one corner. The center of the room is a low platform, also carpeted, and in the center of that is a king-size mattress covered with comforters and colored pillows. A TV hangs on a platform from the ceiling at its foot, and at one side of the head is a record player–cassette–radio console. At the far corners, hidden by and rising from the jungles, are the speakers.

Bo designed the whole bedroom, but the speakers are



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creations. The technique is standard do-it-yourself plaster over chicken wire and wood frame, the inspiration pure Diddley. The plaster was slapped on in massive gobs and roughly molded by powerful hands. They are about three feet high, the same width, and shaped like crumpled sea anemones, or the suction pads of octopi, or something else oozily sub-aqueous. Spray-painted black and gold, they are arresting sculpture, startlingly sexual and strange. Bo likes them. "Whatever I'm doing, I do my thing."

In the store-room behind the studio there are a few more speakers, but those are lost behind boxes of old tapes, appliances and toys; one of the boxes has turbans Bo made his band wear a long time ago. Some have plain junk. "You ask, you just ask Daddy what his favorite hobby is," Tan had said before, laughing, "and there's only one thing he can say truly, and that's digging in the dump. After music he likes dirt best." Like a true junkster, Bo didn't bother to defend himself, just reached into a cabinet and pulled out a beautiful antique cast-iron pot he had found. One recent find was a third-grader's spelling test from the 1930s—Bo just dug it.

There are scrapbooks, too, ill-kept but bulging. Pictures of Bo smiling with d.j.'s at nightclub tables; pictures of his name on the Apollo marquee; on stage with Jerome and the Duchess (his younger half-sister, Norma Jean); beside an airport limousine which he once owned and painted up weird. One picture included the amp he built for himself in the '50s; "I was the first cat I know to make amps bigger than what the companies would give you." There was a picture he had taken of himself a couple of years ago. In it he is standing beside a burnt-out stove and other trash; he is in raggedy overalls, no shirt, and his guitar is at his feet. A pitchfork is in one hand, the other is outstretched. "Took that on the ashes of my mother's house in McComb a few years back. The title is: 'Where do we go from here?' "

There were pictures, too, of other stars: Arthur Prysock, the Moonglows, Clyde McPhatter. "I got a few of Jackie Wilson," said Bo, leafing through the stacks; "he was a favorite of mine—he sure had a thing with those girls. And here are the Shirelles—now, they were beautiful, and nice to work with. Just did a job with them in Boston, one of those revival shows, and they're still great. Man, it's funny, here I am with all these stars, and now look at me. I been there with all the greatest, and I can't see why I didn't get further than I did."

[v]

From "Bo Diddley" in 1955 and the LP *Bo Diddley's a Gunslinger,* Bo was a star. He and Chuck Berry were Chess Records' gold-dust twins, though Bo was never as big as Chuck. Chuck was a more clever hit-maker than Bo, his lyrics snappier and his touch a trifle more pop-oriented. Bo's audience was smaller but perhaps more fanatical: once you had connected with Bo, it was hard to get loose. At the time some talked of a feud, but Bo says it's nonsense. "I never had no envious feelings toward Chuck. I never got too close to him. He was quiet back then just like he is now. I admit he's a strange dude, but I can get along with anybody."

Once established, Bo started working at the rock 'n' roll business, hard work indeed. It had a lot more flash and a little more money than blues club jobs, but it also included endless travelling and the psychological strain of having to "stay on top." Like Berry and dozens of others, Bo toured, wrote and recorded for seven straight years. There was no time for vacations and no premium for development; you were only as good as your latest hit. It was not a way to get rich; on this point Bo is adamant.

"After my first record I started getting $250 a gig, and I never got much more than that, even when I had the hottest record in the country. I had a band to pay, a car to run, and I was trying to send about a hundred bucks a week back to my family. Managers, hah! I used to wouldn't ask questions, because I figured the manager cat was in my corner, he was gonna do everything in his power to do my thing for me. No way!

"A guy would tell me, 'I got you covered, you play your axe, man, I'll do the rest.' So I say, 'Crazy,' and there I am, going down the road, two, three, four in the morning, sleeping on the road, doing my thing at gigs every night. Then I look for my money, and the man say, 'Oh, everything's all right, man.' And I say, 'Sure, it's fine for you, at home every night with your wife and kids, but when I get home I'm broke again.'

"I'm not gonna tell no lie and say, 'Yeah, because I'm Bo Diddley I got a whole lot of money.' I ain't got a *quarter*—by that I mean I ain't got the couple of hundred thousand in the bank I should have. Right now I'm not really in debt, but I wouldn't say I was out of debt either. I'm putting food on the table and that's all. I have been robbed of what was really mine because I worked for it. I have been robbed from styles and arrangements, *sounds,* and I don't know who is getting the money, but I ain't. They told me once you can't copyright a beat. Hah!

"It was hard, man, it was hard. I wouldn't have the problems I have today if the record company had taken care of business and given me what was due. The record companies have got ways of getting around you, of b.s.-ing you. They say, 'Oh, man, you ain't but sold 9000 records,' but they want to sign you again. Now why they keep signing me if I ain't making them no business? Would you go out and pick up rotten apples if you can't sell 'em? But I took it. What else could I do? You danced to the tune they was playing, or you didn't dance at all."

Yet a few sentences later Bo could talk of Leonard and Phil Chess as "beautiful cats." By all accounts Chess Records was run like many ghetto businesses; the brothers (Phil is still alive; Leonard died in October 1969) were tyrants and exploiters, but their own tough Jewish soul kept them close to the artists whom, on some level, they truly loved. What other white man but Leonard Chess could call Sonny Boy Williamson "motherfucker" and get away with it? Chess is probably the best record company in America; their vaults will some day be recognized as a national treasure.

Bo has made over a dozen LPs for Chess, ranging from classics like *Bo Diddley Is a Lover* and *Have Guitar, Will Travel* to topically titled jobs like *Bo Diddley's a Twister, Surfin' with Bo Diddley,* and even *Bo Diddley's Beach*



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*Party*. As with all such albums, there is some repetition—*Roadrunner,* for instance, is a mixture of old and new material. But that was not Bo's doing, and in all the hours of music he made there is not one dull minute. *Bo Diddley's 16 All-Time Greatest Hits*, 45 minutes of stunning rock 'n' roll music, is probably the best introduction to his music, but why stop there? On some tracks done to fill up albums, he really relaxes and gets *strange*. He wrote some of the most beautiful ballads in rock ("Come On, Baby" on *Gunslinger* and "Love Is a Secret" on *Bo Diddley Is a Lover),* some lovely guitar instrumentals (like "Spanish Guitar" on *Have Guitar*) that almost sound Arabic, and even did a tune called "Mr. Khrushchev" that is a show-stopper on the *Bo Diddley* album, one of his very best. His introduction to "Congo" on the *Lover* LP sounds like Jimi Hendrix ten years early.

Bo's musical gestures are so bold that on hearing them on record one feels that it was not so much that the microphones overheard his music, but that, like a painter working in plastic, Bo personally stamped his image on the vinyl discs. Every track is inimitably Bo's, not because they all sound the same—there is a wide stylistic variation—but because Bo's artistic vision is founded on a belief in his own uniqueness. "A person is an individual, and being an individual person is a gas," he said. "I have my own way of expressing my soulful feelings. I never wanted to be like anybody else and I can't copy anybody else. I got my own bag of tricks."

ALL BO'S SONGS EXPRESS that radical humanism. Sometimes called the Originator, he finds his creative energy not in his environment or other musicians but within himself. That crude energy, coming from levels too mysterious for self-conscious control, vitalizes everything he makes. His power is *shaman* power, and like the devil, he gives himself many names: the Puffessor, Doctor Diddley, Diddley Daddy, the Man Who Knows Everything, and, of course, Bo Diddley. Roadrunner, and gunslinger, too, he can take on any guise because he knows who he is.

His exulting in himself is both comic and cosmic. In "Hey, Bo Diddley," he's like Old McDonald with "women here, women there, women, women everywhere"; in "Gunslinger" he's got "a gun on his hip and a rose on his chest." In "Who Do You Love," one of his masterpieces (he also wrote "Love Is Strange"), he lets it all out:

*I got 47 miles of barbwire,*
*I use a cobra snake as a necktie*
*I got a brand new house on the roadside,*
*Made of rattlesnake hide,*
*I got a brand new chimney made on top,*
*Made out of human skulls,*
*Now, c'mon, take a little walk with me, Arlene,*
*An' tell me, who do you love. . . .*
*Got a tombstone hand and a graveyard mind,*
*Just 22 and I don't mind dying,*
*Who do you love,*
*Yeah,*
*Who do you love?*

If his preening were vanity, he would not be sexy; as it is, Bo is one of the sexiest men in music. He loves women more than himself, and establishes his manhood only to prove the power of his feelings. "She's Alright' has almost no structure as a song; it's just Bo shouting about his "Mary Lou." "Dearest Darling" is a crooner's song with lyrics to match:



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*I once had a heart so good and true,*
*But now it's gone from me to you,*
*For you have two hearts and I have none.*

But Bo sings it with such unaffected simplicity, and adds so many grunts, moans and mammalian pleasure noises that there's no mistaking what he's talking about. "I'm Sorry" is a perfect rock 'n' roll ballad with that stately pace that groups like the Penguins and the Moonglows were so good at. Bo's compression of his inchoate emotions into the song's ordered progress fills what could have been a banal tune with passion.

All his work is filled with good humor. "Say, Man," which is Bo and Jerome trading insults ("You'se so ugly your mother had to put a sheet over your head so sleep could slip up on you"), is all jokes and ends with a joke on itself: an unidentified third party (in fact Bo) sticks his head in and agrees with either one or both. When Bo laughs in "Roadrunner" after saying, "Gonna put some dirt in our eye!" you know he means it. The humor is not just the jokes; it is Bo's whole stance. He obviously enjoys making records, and that enjoyment comes through the music. So much of Bo comes through that he feels free to talk directly to the listener: in Willie Dixon's "You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover," he commands, "You got your radio turned down too low. Turn it up!"

Bo's music is, however, more in his rhythm than his words or melodies; most of the latter are skeletal or nonexistent. "The Bo Diddley Beat" suggests a formula; it is rather a tribute to him, one of the few great rhythm-makers in rock 'n' roll. Bo can play fine solo blues guitar, but mostly he plays rhythm. Playing on the neck, below the pick-ups, along the strings, and even tapping the body, he gets an astonishing dynamic range to his beats. He starts almost every song himself; their drive is always his. Bo Diddley's many beats cannot be described in words by me; besides saying his beat is infectious, joyous, and strong as the man himself, I can only hope you dig it.

Bo called it his "thing" and doesn't underestimate its importance in communicating his art. "It's my rhythm that makes my music penetrate to the followers I have. What you do has got to *penetrate*. You can be a good speaker and know what to say, but if you ain't shooting it out right, it just ain't gonna do right. You almost gotta write it on a piece of paper and sing it at the same time, just so as to make sure people don't misunderstand. You got to get it out there, *produce* it, make the people feel it, and if they like it, well, you got something going."

[VI]

IF BO'S PEAK WAS IN 1962, his fall came swiftly on its heels. One effect of the Beatles' arrival on the scene was to make stars of the '50s memories instead of contemporary performers. Bo was a hit in England —where he became close friends with the Rolling Stones— but in America the kids wanted the English boys who idolized and imitated Bo. With every year Bo's old fans grew further from their record-buying teenage years. Bo, no longer riding the crest, had to check his finances more closely. That inevitably led to run-ins at Chess.

"The minute I started speaking up, right away the cats are saying, 'Well, it looks like this black boy is getting smart.' Man, do you know I've never gotten a check in the mail from Chess Records? Royalties—a joke. Ever since I been there it seems like *I* owe *Chess*." He rummaged through a stack of old mail and found a letter from Chess (now part of the GRT Corporation) he got a few months ago. It was a bill for studio time, instrument rental, hotel rooms and other miscellaneous charges; it added up to $39,000. "Are you ready for that?" asked Bo. He threw the paper down.

"I got rid of my last Cadillac years ago; I let it go back to the collection people. Chess, they wanted me to have it. What for? My *car* don't play nothing. A cat with a big car is showing off his equipment; the cat who pulls up with a raggedy car and his instruments falling out—watch him, he's dangerous. I decided I wasn't falling for that flashy trick bag no more. When I stopped taking those new Cadillacs, the Chess brothers they got worried. They knew they had nothing to bribe me with no more."

By the mid-'60s his relations with Chess were so bad that Bo made the crucial decision: to stop recording, stop hoping that one more record would break the cycle. He moved his family to California from Chicago, beginning the exile he is still living. Two years ago, when I first thought of interviewing Bo, Chess representatives discouraged me, saying Bo was a "difficult cat" who had inexplicably hidden himself away. To Chess, Bo's decision probably was inexplicable: who ever heard of a black artist rejecting Cadillacs and going on strike?

Idleness has been hard on Bo. For weeks at a time he does not know when his next gig will be. He makes calls, trying to get work, but has to watch that he doesn't wear out his welcome where one is extended. He's done time stewing in his own juices, and though he has nothing to do with politics, he has a mordant view of the American Way. Americans, he says, "are great believers in b.s. They love to listen to it; the truth—they don't want to hear." He's never liked cops—"I've been shoved up against the wall a few times, in jail for stuff I didn't know about, and that created a little dislike"—and he has little respect for the Establishment in general. "Those judges and lawyers and people who have already had their day, they is sitting on top of their money, they is got the keys, and is keeping the top *securely* fastened. They have everything they want, and if they ain't got it, they's probably stealing it through some way a bookkeeper is doing for them. I know the whole scene. Look how it works for us musicians: everybody likes our records, even the people who owns the banks, but nobody wants to give us credit. We is well loved, but we is bad risks. Hah!"

Fortunately, the bitterness is balanced by deep religious faith. The Bible is *the* book for Bo, and as he gets his beat from the sanctified church, he draws his world-view from his Baptist upbringing. "Some things in the Bible I don't understand. I shake my head and say, 'Maybe I'll come across somebody one day with better answers,' but until then I'll let it be." One thing he does know is that he is a man because he is a son of Adam. "We are all sons and daughters of him and Eve—the Bible don't mention anybody else getting it all started—so we are all sisters and



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brothers. Man has got to get it together for himself. Do you know we are the only animal that kills for the hell of it? We preach love and practice hate; we preach peace and practice war. Harmony, man, people getting along with themselves and each other, it would be so beautiful."

Those sentiments put him foursquare behind "the kids"; of course, he's seen it coming for a while. "The white kids started digging what we were laying down because finally it was time for a change. They got tired of listening to Tchaikovsky and all them cats that their mommies and daddies were throwing at them. Tired of always playing the music real *low* so you could carry on a conversation while the music is in the background. The kids decided they wanted to use the record players for all the power they had. Pops and Moms still don't understand what's happening."

From exile he watched the spread of rock 'n' roll after the Beatles, the success of his friends the Rolling Stones, the growth of the long-hair culture, and he dug it. "When the Beatles came out with that 'Yeah, yeah, yeah' stuff, 'It's been a hard day's night,' " he sang with a big smile, "the old folks said, 'How cute.' Then a few weeks later they look around and there's Junior, and they say, 'Junior, when you gonna get a haircut?' And pretty soon Junior's hair is down to *here!* Hah! *Man, if I could grow my hair long, I'd grow it down to the ground!*

"All this talk about a generation gap? It's the parents who created it. The kids are trying to tell 'em what's happening in words, music, dress and all, but the parents won't understand. They slam the door; they is belligerent. I've seen it happen at these festivals; the cops call it a riot, but it's the cops who start it. They call one off saying there is *gonna* be a riot—how can they know that unless it's them who makes 'em?"

BO KNOWS HE HAS A PLACE in this musical and social movement, but he hasn't known how to get it. He wears home tie-dyed jeans on stage now, and would like to organize with other musicians to do low-cost cooperative gigs—"We could play schoolyards Saturday afternoons and make it a buck a head or something." The much-publicized "rock 'n' roll revival" of a year ago did get his name around a bit more, but it put him in an "oldie but goldie" bag he doesn't like at all. To combat that, he finally did go back to Chess studios last winter and made *Black Gladiator*. Phil Chess was the producer—Bo would deal with no one else. It was released at the same time as Chuck Berry's *Home Again*, his first record on Chess for six years, and together they got the old-home-week treatment. *Home Again* is brilliant in parts, but the band, Chess studio men, is unsympathetic, and some tracks seem like throwaways; Chuck's anger has become frozen rage.

*Black Gladiator*, on the other hand, is a totally fresh record, bursting, exploding and just plain rocking with Bo's energy. The title and theme are in direct line with "I'm a Man"; as Bo explains it, "Man is supposed to be built. Look at the gladiators back in Roman days. These cats could walk up and hit a mule, deck a horse by cracking him on the jaw. Man is getting out of that; try it today and you break your hand. We are living too fast. We are using the knowledge box more, doing less of a physical thing. Like my wife says, and she makes sense, 'We're gonna be all head and no body after a while.' I believe it should be more balanced than that." Or, as he sometimes sings, "Don't write a check with your mouth you can't cash with your tail."

The record starts with "Elephant Man" and that sets the pace; two other songs are "Power House" and "You, Bo Diddley" (as in, "Who's the greatest man in town? You, Bo Diddley"). Everything sounds the way the back jacket photo looks: Bo, guitar in hand, his head back, singing, mouth open wide, his bare chest and arms in studded leather belts—a suit he designed for himself and had made by a tailor in Montreal.

Side two opens with "I've Got a Feeling," and that feeling is that Bo's "gonna be happy for once in his life." The old "Hush Your Mouth" has become "Shut Up, Woman," in which Bo gives his woman an epic talking-to, but only because he knows that "I'm yours, and you'se mine. . . . We *love* one another." "I Don't Like You" is funnier than the original "Say, Man." "If you don't watch out, you is gonna play mountain and get climbed on," warns Bo's antagonist. *"Start climbing, baby,"* Bo grunts back. It also introduces Bo the opera singer, a side of himself he had concealed until now. "But I've always had that voice. In Sunday school choir, even when I was in the back row, when I got to *singing*, the teacher would stop everything and tell me to hush up."

*Black Gladiator* is Bo Diddley at his very best, not a revived memory but a revitalized artist at the very height of his powers. In person, too, he is better than ever, in full command of the stage and audience from the moment he steps to the mike ("The only person I ever feared on stage is Ray Charles"). He has hopes that his days in exile are close to over; he'd much rather be making music than fixing cars.

* * *

At the Fillmore a few months ago, he looked out, a hand shading his eyes against the spotlights. "Hey, everybody," he said, "I'm Doctor Diddley, the Puffessor—what you got on your mind?—I got the answer." There was a ripple of laughter.

"Have mercy. But there's one thing I want you to know, one thing you gotta dig with Bo: I *understand.*" Silence greeted that; maybe Bo's eyes were burning too brightly. He pulled back a bit.

"And I remember, too, that without you who are so beautiful I wouldn't have made it at all with what you might call the rock 'n' roll music. Thank you, thank you, thank you, from the bottom of my heart. You see, I'm always *your* Bo Diddley."

The hall responded with a murmur and scattered clapping. Bo smiled, hit a chord, and called the next tune to the band. He looked back at the audience. "I thank you in advance for the great round of applause I am about to get."

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*Michael Lydon lives in Elk, California. His book* Rock Folk *(Dial Press) will be released in the spring.*



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# Th

by Frank Browning and Banning Garrett

"MR. PRESIDENT, THE SPECTER OF heroin addiction is haunting nearly every community in the nation." With these urgent words, Senator Vance Hartke spoke up on March 2 in support of a resolution on drug control being considered in the U.S. Senate. Estimating that there are 500,000 heroin addicts in the U.S., he pointed out that nearly 20 percent of them are teenagers. The concern of Hartke and others is not misplaced. Heroin has become the major killer of young people between 18 and 35, outpacing death from accidents, suicides or cancer. It has also become a major cause of crime: to sustain their habits, addicts in the U.S. spend more than $15 million a day, half of it coming from the 55 percent of crime in the cities which they commit and the annual $2.5 billion worth of goods they steal.

Once safely isolated as part of the destructive funkiness of the black ghetto, heroin has suddenly spread out into Middle America, becoming as much a part of suburbia as the Saturday barbecue. This has gained it the attention it otherwise never would have had. President Nixon himself says it is spreading with "pandemic virulence." People are becoming aware that teenagers are shooting up at lunchtime in schools and returning to classrooms to nod the day away. But what they don't know—and what no one is telling them—is that neither the volcanic eruption of addiction in this country nor the crimes it causes would be possible without the age-old international trade in opium (from which heroin is derived), or that heroin addiction—like inflation, unemployment, and most of the other chaotic forces in American society today—is directly related to the U.S. war in Indochina.

The connection between war and opium in Asia is as old as empire itself. But the relationship has never been so symbiotic, so intricate in its networks and so vast in its implications. Never before has the trail of tragedy been so clearly marked as in the present phase of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. For the international traffic in opium has expanded in lockstep with the expanding U.S. military presence there, just as heroin has stalked the same young people in U.S. high schools who will also be called on to fight that war. The ironies that have accompanied the war in Vietnam since its onset are more poignant than before. At the very moment that public officials are wringing their hands over the heroin problem, Washington's own Cold War crusade, replete with clandestine activities that would seem far-fetched even in a spy novel, continues to play a major role in a process that has already rerouted the opium traffic from the Middle East to Southeast Asia and is every day opening new channels for its shipment to the U.S. At the same time the government starts crash programs to rehabilitate drug users

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# New Opium War

among its young people, the young soldiers it is sending to Vietnam are getting hooked and dying of overdoses at the rate of one a day. While the President is declaring war on narcotics and on crime in the streets, he is widening the war in Laos, whose principal product is opium and which has now become the funnel for nearly half the world's supply of the narcotic, for which the U.S. is the chief consumer.

There would have been a bloodthirsty logic behind the expansion of the war into Laos if the thrust had been to seize supply centers of opium the communists were hoarding up to spread like a deadly virus into the free world. But the communists did not control the opium there: processing and distribution were already in the hands of the free world. Who are the principals of this new opium war? The ubiquitous CIA, whose role in getting the U.S. into Vietnam is well known but whose pivotal position in the opium trade is not; and a rogue's gallery of organizations and people—from an opium army subsidized by the Nationalist Chinese to such familiar names as Madame Nhu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky—who are the creations of U.S. policy in that part of the world.

The story of opium in Southeast Asia is a strange one at every turn. But the conclusion is known in advance: this war has come home again—in a silky grey powder that goes from a syringe into America's mainline.

MOST OF THE OPIUM IN Southeast Asia is grown in a region known as the "Fertile Triangle," an area covering northwestern Burma, northern Thailand, and Laos. It is a mountainous jungle inhabited by tigers, elephants, and some of the most poisonous snakes in the world. The source of the opium that shares the area with these exotic animals is the poppy, and the main growers are the Meo hill tribespeople who inhabit the region. The Meo men chop back the forests in the wet season so that the crop can be planted in August and September. Poppies produce red, white or purple blossoms between January and March, and when the blossom withers, an egg-sized pod is left. The women harvest the crop and make a small incision in the pod with a three-bladed knife. The pod exudes a white latex-like substance which is left to accumulate and thicken for a day or two. Then it is carefully gathered, boiled to remove gross impurities, and the sticky substance is rolled into balls weighing several pounds. A fraction of the opium remains to be smoked by the villagers, but most is sold in nearby rendezvous with the local smugglers. It is the Meos' only cash crop. The hill tribe growers can collect as much as $50 per kilo, paid in gold, silver, various commodities, or local currency. The same kilo will bring $200 in Saigon and $2000 in San Francisco.

There are hundreds of routes, and certainly as many methods of transport by which the smugglers ship opium—some of it already refined into heroin—through and out of Southeast Asia. But there are three major networks. Some of the opium from Burma and northern Thailand moves into Bangkok, then to Singapore and Hong Kong, then via military aircraft, either directly or through Taiwan, to the United States. The second, and probably major, route is from Burma or Laos to Saigon or to ocean drops in the Gulf of Siam; then it goes either through the Middle East and Marseille to the U.S. or through Hong Kong and Singapore to the West Coast. A final route runs directly from outposts held by Nationalist Chinese troops in Thailand to Taiwan and then to the U.S. by a variety of means.

One of the most successful of the opium entrepreneurs who travel these routes, a Time reporter wrote in 1967, is Chan Chi-foo, a half-Chinese, half-Shan (Burmese) modern-day warlord who might have stepped out of a Joseph Conrad adventure yarn. Chan is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man in his late thirties who, it is said, is totally ruthless. He has tremendous knowledge of the geography and people of northwestern Burma and is said to move easily among them, conversing in several dialects. Yet he is also able to deal comfortably with the bankers and other businessmen who finance his operations from such centers as Bangkok and Vientiane. Under Chan Chi-foo's command are from 1000–2000 well-armed men, with the feudal hierarchy spreading down to encompass another 3000 hill tribesmen, porters, hunters and opium growers who pay him fealty and whom he regards about the same as the more than 500 small mules he uses for transport.

Moving the opium from Burma to Thailand or Laos is a big and dangerous operation. One of Chan's caravans, says one awe-struck observer, may stretch in single file for well

Collage by Louise Kollenbaum



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over a mile, and may include 200 mules, 200 porters, 200 cooks and camp attendants, and about 400 armed guards. Such a caravan can easily carry 15 to 20 tons of opium, worth nearly a million dollars when delivered to syndicate men in Laos or Thailand.

To get his caravans to market, however, Chan must pay a price, for the crucial part of his route is heavily patrolled not by Thais or Laotians but by nomadic Nationalist Chinese or Kuomingtang (KMT) troops. Still supported by the ruling KMT on Taiwan, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's 93rd Division controls a major part of the opium flowing out of Burma and Thailand. Roving bands of mercenary bandits, they fled to northern Burma in 1949 as Chiang's armies were being routed on the Chinese mainland, and have maintained themselves since by buying opium from the nearby Meo tribesmen which they then resell, or by exacting tribute payments from entrepreneurs like Chan Chi-foo. As travellers to the area attest, these troops also supplement their income by running Intelligence operations into China and Burma for the U.S.

THE BURMESE GOVERNMENT regularly complained about all this activity to the United Nations, the Taiwan government and the United States, charging the Americans and Taiwanese with actively supplying and supporting the KMT, which in turn has organized anti-government guerrillas. In 1959 Burmese ground troops seized three opium processing plants set up by the KMT guerrillas at Wanton; the troops also took an airstrip the Chinese had used to fly in reinforcements. By February 1961 the Burmese had pushed the KMT troops southeast into the Thai-Burmese and Thai-Laotian border areas, where they now hold at least eight village bases. Just last year a reporter who was at Chieng Mai, Thailand, saw Thai troops and American advisors as well as military supplies provided by the Taiwan government. The Taiwan government, he noted, maintains an information office there and regularly accompanies the KMT troops on their forays into China to proselytize among the peasants of Yunnan province. These sorties are coordinated by the CIA (which is feverishly active if not wholly successful in this area), and the United States even provides its own backwater R&R for the weary KMT, flying its helicopters from hilltop to hilltop to pick up the Chinese (and the Establishment reporter who supplied this information) for organized basketball tournaments.

Although the KMT troops are often referred to as "remnants," they are not just debris left behind by history. They are in fact an important link in American and Taiwan policy toward Communist China. Not only does Chiang Kai-shek maintain direct contact with his old 93rd, but fresh recruits are frequently sent to maintain a troop level of from 5000 to 7000 men, according to a top-ranking foreign aid official in the U.S. government. And, as the New York Times has noted, Chiang Kai-shek's son, Chiang Ching-Kuo, is widely believed to be in charge of the KMT operations from his position as chief of the Taiwan secret police.

The KMT are tolerated by the Thais for several reasons: they have helped in the counterinsurgency efforts of the Thai and U.S. governments against the hill tribespeople in Thailand; they have aided the training and recruiting of Burmese guerrilla armies for the CIA; and they offer a payoff to the Border Patrol Police (BPP), and through them to the second most powerful man in Thailand, Minister of the Interior Gen. Prapasx Charusathira. The BPP were trained in the '50s by the CIA and now are financed and advised by AID and are flown from border village to border village by Air America. The BPP act as middlemen in the opium trade between the KMT in the remote regions of Thailand and the Chinese merchants of Bangkok. These relationships, of course, are flexible and changing, with each group wanting to maximize profits and minimize antagonisms and dangers. But the established routes vary, and sometimes double-crosses are intentional.

In the summer of 1967 Chan Chi-foo set out from Burma through the KMT's territory with 300 men and 200 packhorses carrying nine tons of opium, with no intention of paying the usual fee of $80,000 protection money. But troops cut off the group near the Laotian village of Ban Houei Sai in an ambush that turned into a pitched battle. Neither group, however, had counted on the involvement of the kingpin of the area's opium trade: the CIA-backed Royal Lao Government Army and Air Force, under the command of General Ouane Rathikoune. Hearing of the skirmish, the general pulled his armed forces out of the Plain of Jars in northeastern Laos where they were supposed to be fighting the Pathet Lao guerrillas, and engaged two companies and his entire air force in a battle of extermination against both sides. The result was nearly 30 KMT and Burmese dead and a half-ton windfall of opium for the Royal Lao Government.

IN A MOMENT OF revealing frankness shortly after the battle, General Rathikoune, far from denying the role that opium had played, told several reporters that the opium trade was "not bad for Laos." The trade provides cash income for the Meo hill tribes, he argued, who would otherwise be penniless and therefore a threat to Laos's political stability. He also argued that the trade gives the Lao elite (which includes government officials) a chance to accumulate capital to ultimately invest in legitimate enterprises, thus building up Laos's economy. But if these rationalizations seemed weak, far less convincing was the general's assertion that, since he is in total control of the trade now, when the time comes to put an end to it he will simply put an end to it.

It is unlikely that Rathikoune, one of the chief warlords of the opium dynasty, will decide to end the trade soon. Right outside the village of Ban Houei Sai, hidden in the jungle, are several of his refineries—called "cookers"—which manufacture crude morphine (which is refined into heroin at a later transport point) under the supervision of professional pharmacists imported from Bangkok. Rathikoune also has "cookers" in the nearby villages of Ban Khwan, Phan Phung and Ban Kheung (the latter for opium grown by the Yao tribe). Most of the opium he procures comes from Burma in caravans such as Chan Chi-foo's; the rest comes from Thailand or from the hill tribespeople (Meo and Yao) in the area near Ban Houei Sai. Rathikoune flies the dope from the Ban Houei Sai area to Luang Prabang, the Royalist capital, in helicopters given by the United States military aid program.



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Others in the Lao elite and government own refineries. There are cookers for heroin in Vientiane, two blocks from the King's residence; near Luang Prabang; on Khong Island in the Mekong River on the Lao-Cambodian border; and one recently built by Kouprasith Abhay (head of the military region around Vientiane, but also from the powerful Abhay family of Khong Island) at Phou Khao Khouai, just north of Vientiane. Other Lords of the Trade are Prince Boun Oum of Southern Laos, and the Sananikone family, called the "Rockefellers of Laos." Phoui Sananikone, the clan patriarch, headed a U.S.-backed coup in 1959 and is presently President of the National Assembly. Two other Sananikones are deputies in the Assembly, two are generals (one is Chief of Staff for Rathikoune), one is Minister of Public Works, and a host of others are to be found at lower levels of the political, military and civil service structure. And the Sananikones' airline, Veha Akhat, leases planes and pilots from Taiwan for paramilitary operations which lend themselves easily to commerce with opium-growing tribespeople. But the opium trade is popular with the rest of the elite, who rent RLG aircraft or create fly-by-night airlines (such as Laos Air Charter or Lao United Airlines) to do their own direct dealing.

CONTROL OF THE OPIUM TRADE has not always been in the hands of the Lao elite, although the U.S. has been at least peripherally involved in who the beneficiaries were since John Foster Dulles's famous 1954 commitment to maintain an anti-communist Laos. The major source of the opium in Laos has always been the Meo growers, who were selected by the CIA as its counterinsurgency bulwark against the Pathet Lao guerrillas. The Meos' mountain bastion is Long Cheng, a secret base 80 miles northeast of Vientiane, built by the CIA during the 1962 Geneva Accords period. By 1964 Long Cheng's population was nearly 50,000, comprised largely of refugees who had come to escape the war and who were kept busy growing poppies in the hills surrounding the base.

The secrecy surrounding Long Cheng has hidden the trade from reporters. But security has not been complete: Carl Strock reported in the January 30 *Far Eastern Economic Review*, "Over the years eight journalists, including myself, have slipped into Long Cheng and have seen American crews loading T-28 bombers while armed CIA agents chatted with uniformed Thai soldiers and piles of raw opium stood for sale in the market (a kilo for $52). It's old hat by now, but Long Cheng is still so secret that in the past year both the U.S. embassy press attaché and the director of USAID's training center were denied clearance to visit the mountain redoubt." The CIA not only protects the opium in Long Cheng and various other pick-up points, but also gives clearance and protection to opium-laden aircraft flying out.

For some time, the primary middle-men in the opium traffic had been elements of the Corsican Mafia, identified in a 1966 United Nations report as a pivotal organization in the flow of narcotics. In a part of the world where transportation is a major problem and where air transport is a solution, the Corsicans were able to parlay their vintage World War II airplanes (called "the butterfly fleet" or, according to "Pop" Buell, U.S. citizen-at-large in the area, "Air Opium") into a position of control. But as the Laotian civil war intensified in the period following 1963, it became increasingly difficult for the Corsicans to operate, and the Meos started to have trouble getting their crop out of the hills in safety.

The vacuum that was created was quickly filled by the Royal Lao Air Force, which began to use helicopters and planes donated by the U.S. not only for fighting the Pathet Lao but also for flying opium out from airstrips pockmarking the Laotian hills. This arrangement was politically more advantageous than prior ones, for it consolidated the interests of all the anti-communist parties. The enfranchisement of the Lao elite gave it more of an incentive to carry on the war Dulles had committed the U.S. to back; the safe transport of the Meos' opium by an ideologically sanctioned network increased the incentive of these CIA-equipped and -trained tribesmen to fight the Pathet Lao. The U.S. got parties that would cooperate with its foreign policy not only for political reasons, but on more solid economic grounds. Opium was the economic cement binding all the parties together much more closely than anti-communism could.

As this relationship has matured, Long Cheng has become a major collection point for opium grown in Laos. CIA protegé General Vang Pao, former officer for the French colonial army and now head of the Meo counterinsurgents, uses his U.S.-supplied helicopters and STOL (short-take-off-and-landing) aircraft to collect the opium from the surrounding area. It is unloaded and stored in hutches in Long Cheng. Some of it is sold there and flown out in Royal Laotian Government C-47s to Saigon or the Gulf of Siam or the South China Sea, where it is dropped to waiting fishing boats. Some of the opium is flown to Vientiane, where it is sold to Chinese merchants who then fly it to Saigon or to the ocean drops. One of Vang Pao's main sources of transport, since the RLG Air Force is not under his control, is the CIA-created Xieng Khouang Airline, which is still supervised by an American, though it is scheduled soon to be turned over completely to Vang Pao's men. The airline's two C-47s (which can carry a maximum of 4000 pounds) are used only for transport to Vientiane.

Prior to Nixon's blitzkrieg in Laos, the opium trade was booming. Production had grown rapidly since the early '50s to a level of 175–200 tons a year, with 400 of the 600 tons produced in Burma, and 50–100 tons of that grown in Thailand, passing through Laotian territory. But if the opium has been an El Dorado for the Corsicans, the Lao elite, the CIA and others, it has been a nemesis for the Meo tribesmen. For in becoming a pawn in the larger strategy of the U.S., the Meos have seen the army virtually wiped out, with the average age of recruits now 15 years, and their population reduced from 400,000 to 200,000. The Meos' reward for CIA service, in other words, has been their destruction as a people. (See Hard Times section, page 14)

[III]

BOTH THE COMPLEXITY AND THE FINALITY of the opium web which connects Burma, Thailand, Laos and South Vietnam stretch the imagination. So bizarre is the opium network and so pervasive the traffic that were it to appear in an Ian Fleming plot we



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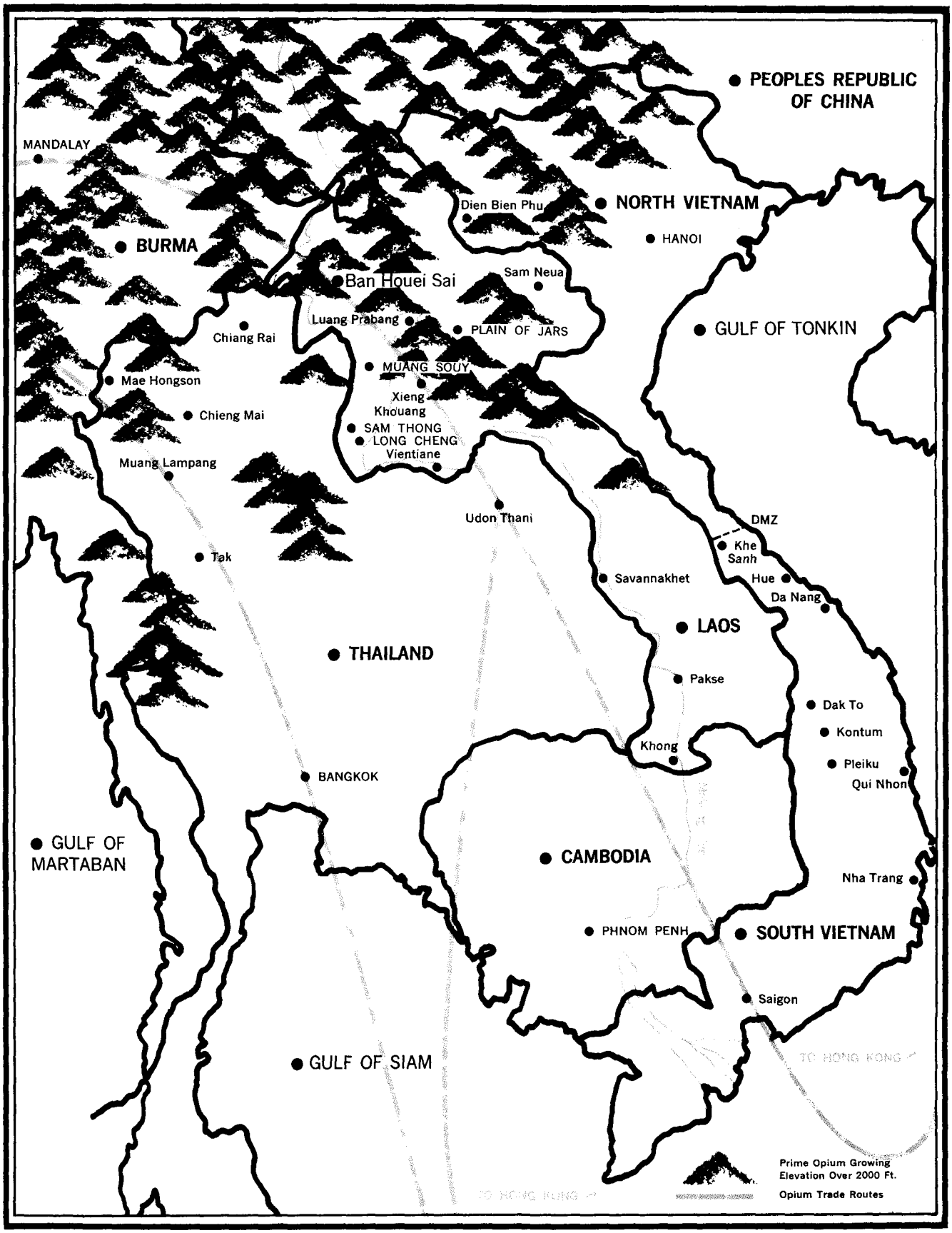


Map by Louise Kollenbaum

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would pass it off as torturing the credibility of thriller fiction. But the trade is real and the net has entangled governments beyond the steaming jungle of Indochina. In 1962, for instance, an opium-smuggling scandal stunned the entire Canadian Parliament. It was in March of that year that Prime Minister Diefenbaker confirmed rumors that nine Canadian members of the immaculate United Nations International Control Commission had been caught carrying opium from Vientiane to the International markets in Saigon on UN planes.

The route from Laos to Saigon has long been one of the well-established trails of the heroin-opium trade. In August 1967, a C-47 transport plane carrying two-and-a-half tons of opium and some gold was forced down near Da Lat, South Vietnam, by American gunners when the pilot failed to identify himself. The plane and its precious cargo, reportedly owned by General Rathikoune's wife, were destined for a Chinese opium merchant and piloted by a former KMT pilot, L. G. Chao. Whatever their ownership, the dope-running planes usually land at Tan Son Nhut airbase, where they are met in a remote part of the airport with the protection of the airport police.

A considerable part of the opium and heroin remains in Saigon, where it is sold directly to U.S. troops or distributed to U.S. bases throughout the Vietnamese countryside. One G.I. who returned to the states an addict was August Schultz. He's off the needle now, but how he got on is most revealing. Explaining that he was "completely straight, even a right-winger" before he went into the Army, August told RAMPARTS how he fell into the heroin trap: "It was a regular day last April [1970] and I just walked into this bunker and there were these two guys shooting up. I said to them, 'What you guys doing?' Believe it or not I really didn't know. They explained it to me and asked me if I wanted to try it. I said sure."

Probably a fifth of the men in his unit have at least tried junk, August says. But the big thing, as his buddy Ronnie McSheffrey adds, was that most of the officers in his company—including the MPs—knew about it. McSheffrey saw MPs in his own division (6th Battalion, 31st Infantry, 9th Division) at Tan An shoot up, just as he says they saw him. He and his buddies even watched the unit's sergeant-major receive payoffs at a nearby whorehouse where every kind of drug imaginable was available.

An article by Kansas City newspaperwoman Gloria Emerson inserted into the Congressional Record by Senator Stuart Symington on March 10 said: "In a brigade headquarters at Long Binh, there were reports that heroin use in the unit had risen to 20 percent . . . 'You can salute an officer with your right hand and take a "hit" (of heroin) in your left,' an enlisted man from New York told me. . . . Along the 15-mile Bien Hoa highway running north to Saigon from Long Binh, heroin can be purchased at any of a dozen conspicuous places within a few minutes, and was by this reporter, for three dollars a vial."

Adding glamour to the labyrinthine intrigue of Vietnam's opium trade throughout the late 1950s and early '60s was the famous Madame Nhu, the Dragon Lady of Saigon. Madame Nhu was in a position to be very likely coordinator for the entire domestic opium traffic in Vietnam; yet so great is the power she still wields from her palatial exile in Paris that she has intimidated one American publisher and kept him from publishing the story. In his book *Mr. Pop,* Don Schanche, former editor of Horizon and former managing editor of the Saturday Evening Post, recounts the following interchange on the Plain of Jars during August 1960 between Edgar "Pop" Buell—the Indiana farmer who left his home to work with the Meo tribespeople—and a local restaurateur:

> . . . Buell drove with Albert [Fouré] to Phong Savan and watched from the side of the airstrip as a modern twin-engined plane took on a huge load of opium. Beneath the wing, talking heatedly with the plane's Corsican pilot, was a slender woman dressed in long white silk pants and *ao d'ai,* the side-slit, high-necked gown of Vietnam. Her body was exquisitely formed, and her darkly beautiful face wore a clear expression of authority. Even Buell could see that she was Vietnamese, not Lao.
>
> "Zat," said Fouré, "is ze grande madame of opium from Saigon." Edgar never learned her name, but he recognized the unforgettable face and figure when the picture of an important South Vietnamese politician appeared months later in an American news magazine.

Though Schanche's publisher, David McKay Co., refused to publish her name for fear of reprisals, the unforgettable face was that of Madame Nhu.

BUT SAIGON'S OPIUM TRADE is not new. Its history stretches back to 1949, when the French appointed former Vietnamese Emperor Bao Dai as chief of state. Bao Dai brought with him as chief of police Bay Vien, the undisputed leader of Saigon's criminal underground, which controlled not only the gambling and narcotics trade in Saigon but also the important Chinese suburb of Cholon. Bao Dai and Bay Vien held power until they were displaced after the 1954 Geneva Accords by Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's brother. Nhu had gained prominence in Vietnam as an organizer of a Catholic trade union movement modeled after the French Force Ouvrière, which the CIA had helped supply in the 1940s to break France's communist dockworkers' union, the CGT.

At first Nhu feigned support for Bay Vien and Bao Dai, but by the end of 1955 he had taken control of the Saigon secret police and—thereby—the city's opium and heroin trade as well. Just as the Nhus were consolidating their own power, a little-known figure entered the Diem military apparatus—a man who through the years would carefully extend his control over the air force and end up eventually heir not only to the South Vietnamese government but to the opium and heroin trade as well. That man was Nguyen Cao Ky, who had just returned from Algeria to take charge of the South Vietnamese air transport's C-47 cargo planes.

At what particular point in time Ky became involved with the Nhus in the opium trade is not known, but by the end of the '50s he was cutting quite a figure in Saigon's elite circles. In an interview with RAMPARTS, retired Marine Corps Colonel (and author of the book *The Betrayal*) William Corson described Ky's life in the late 1950s in the fol-



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lowing fashion: "Ky of course was a colonel in the Air Force back then and he used to have these glittering cocktail parties at the top of the Caravelle [Hotel] in Saigon. He laid out a fantastic spread—which was all very interesting because the amount of money he made as a soldier was maybe $25 to $30 a month and he didn't have any other outside income."

The first real light shed on the possible sources of Ky's extracurricular income came only in the spring of 1968, when Senator Ernest Gruening revealed that four years earlier Ky had been in the employ of the CIA's "Operation Haylift," a program which flew South Vietnamese agents "into North Vietnam for the purpose of sabotage, such as blowing up railroads, bridges, etc." More important, Ky was fired, Gruening's sources claimed, for having been caught smuggling opium from Laos back into Saigon. Significantly, Ky and his flight crews were replaced by Nationalist Chinese Air Force pilots.

Neither the CIA, the Pentagon, nor the State Department ever denied Ky worked on Operation Haylift. Nor did they deny that he had smuggled opium back into Saigon. However, a U.S. embassy spokesman categorically denied Ky was ever fired from "any position by any element of the U.S. Government for opium smuggling or for any other reason." When Ky came to power in February 1965, most observers supposed he had relinquished participation in the opium traffic (although it was "common knowledge" that Madame Ky had replaced Madame Nhu as Saigon's Dragon Lady and dealt in opium directly with Prince Boun Oum in Southern Laos). However, a high Saigon military official to whom Ky at one time offered a place in the opium traffic says Ky continued to carry loads ranging from 2000 to 3000 kilos of opium from Pleiku to Saigon in the spring of 1965 after he had assumed power and after Operation Haylift had been discontinued. Those runs included regular pickups near Dak To, Kon Tum and Pleiku. Since then there has been no indication that Ky has in any way altered the transport. Corson, who returned to Vietnam in 1965, observed that Ky's involvement in the trade had become so routine that it had lost almost all its adventure and intrigue.

[IV]

With gross returns from the Indochinese traffic running anywhere from $250 to $500 million per year, opium is one of the kingpins of Southeast Asian commerce. Indochina has not always had such an enviable position. Historically most of the world's supply of opium and heroin came through well-established routes from Turkey, Iran and China. Then it was refined in chemical kitchens and warehouse factories in Marseille. The Mediterranean trade was controlled by the Corsican Mafia (which itself has long been related to such American crime lords as Lucky Luciano, who funneled a certain amount of dope into the black ghettoes). But high officials in the narcotics control division of the Canadian government, and in Interpol, the International Police Agency, confirm that since World War II—and paralleling the U.S. expansion in the Pacific—there has been a major redirection in the sources and routing of the worldwide opium traffic.

According to the United Nations Commission on Drugs and Narcotics, since at least 1966 80 percent of the world's 1200 tons of illicit opium has come from Southeast Asia—directly contradicting most official U.S. claims that the primary sources are Middle Eastern. In 1966 Interpol's former Secretary General Jean Nepote told investigators from Arthur D. Little Research Institute (then under contract to the U.S. Government Crime Commission) that the Fertile Triangle was a principal production center of opium. And last year an Iranian government official told a United Nations seminar on narcotics control that 83 percent of the world's illegal supply originated in the Fertile Triangle—the area where opium is controlled by the U.S.-supplied troops of Laos and Nationalist China.

It is odd that the U.S. government, with the most massive Intelligence apparatus in history, could miss this innovation. But though it may seem to be an amazing oversight, what has happened is that Richard Nixon and the makers of America's Asian policy have completely blanked Indochina out of the world narcotics trade. Not even Joe Stalin's removal of Trotsky from the Russian history books parallels this historical reconstruction. In his recent State of the World address, Richard Nixon dealt directly with the international narcotics traffic. "Narcotics addiction has been spreading with pandemic virulence," he said, adding that "this affliction is spreading rapidly and without the slightest respect for national boundaries." What is needed is "an integrated attack on the demand for [narcotics], the supply of them, and their movement across international borders. . . . We have," he says, "worked closely with a large number of governments, particularly *Turkey, France,* and *Mexico,* to try to stop the illicit production and smuggling of narcotics." (authors' emphasis)

It is no accident that Nixon has ignored the real sources of narcotics trade abroad and by so doing has effectively precluded any possibility of being able to deal with heroin at home. It is he more than anyone else who has underwritten that trade through the policies he has formulated, the alliances he has forged, and most recently the political appointments he has made. For Richard Nixon's rise to power has been intricately interwoven with the rise of proponents of America's aggressive strategy in Asia, a group of people loosely called the "China Lobby" who have been in or near political power off and on since 1950.

Among the most notable members of the "China Lobby" are Madame Anna Chennault, whose husband, General Claire Chennault, founded Air America; columnist Joe Alsop; FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover; former California Senator William Knowland; and Ray Cline, currently Chief of Intelligence for the State Department. They and such compatriots as the late Time magazine publisher Henry Luce and his widow, Congresswoman Claire Boothe Luce, have been some of the country's strongest proponents of the Nationalist Chinese cause.

In 1954 Chiang Kai-shek formed the Asian People's Anti-Communist League (APACL), which was to become one of the vital links between the China Lobby and the Taiwan government. (It was also in that year Nixon urged that U.S. troops be sent into Indochina following



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the French defeat in Dien Bien Phu—a proposal which failed because of the lack of public support for such policy following the Korean war.) As soon as the APACL was formed, Chiang announced that it had established "close contact" with three American politicians—the most important of whom was Vice President Richard Nixon.

OVER THE YEARS THE CHINA LOBBY has continued to spring to Nixon's support. It was Madame Chennault, co-chairman in 1968 of Women for Nixon-Agnew Advisory Committee, who helped raise a quarter of a million dollars for the campaign; it was she who just before the election entered into an elaborate set of arrangements to sabotage a White House peace plan. Within 30 hours of the announced plan, South Vietnam President Thieu rejected the new negotiations it proposed —a rejection Madame Chennault had helped arrange as a last-minute blow at Hubert Humphrey and the Democrats.

It is not only his debts, associations and sympathies to the China Lobby which have linked Nixon with Kuomingtang machinations in Indochina and helped plunge the U.S. deeper into the morass there. One of his most important foreign policy appointments since taking office has been the reassignment of Ray Cline as State Department Director of Intelligence and Research. Cline, the controversial CIA station chief in Taiwan who helped organize KMT forays into Communist China, in 1962 promoted Nixon's old project of a Bay of Pigs invasion of China. Within a month of Cline's recent appointment, the resumption of pilotless Intelligence flights over mainland China was approved.

The entire cast of the China Lobby has relied on one magic corporation, the same corporation established just after World War II by General Claire Chennault as Civil Air Transport and renamed in the 1950s Air America. Carrier not only of men and personnel for all of Southeast Asia, but also of the policies that have turned Indochina into the third bloodiest battlefield in American history, Air America's chief contract is with the American Central Intelligence Agency.

Air America brings Brahmin Bostonians and wealthy Wall Streeters who are the China Lobby together with some of the most powerful men in Nationalist China's financial history. One of its principal services has been to fly in support for the "remnant" 93rd Division of the KMT, the "opium army" in Burma; another has been as a major carrier of opium itself. Air America flies through all of the Laotian and Vietnamese opium pick-up points, for aside from the private "butterfly fleet" and various military transports, Air America is the "official" Indochina airline. A 25-year-old black man recently returned from Indochina told RAMPARTS of going to Vietnam in late 1968 as an adventurer, hoping to get in on the dope business. But he found that the business was all controlled by a "group like the Mafia. It was tight and there wasn't room for me." The only way he could make it in the dope trade, he says, was to go to work for Air America as a mechanic. He found there "was plenty of dope in Laos—lots of crystals [heroin] all over the place." Air America was the only way to get in on it.

WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE in Indochina is more than a flurry of corruption among select dramatis personae in America's great Asian Drama. The fact that Meo tribesmen have been nearly wiped out, that the Corsican Mafia's Air Opium has been supplanted by the CIA's Air America, that Nationalist Chinese soldiers operate as narcotics bandits, that such architects of U.S. democracy for the East as the Nhus and Vice President Ky have been dope runners—these are only the bizzare cameo roles in a larger tragedy that involves nothing less than the uprooting of what had been *the* opium trade for decades—through the traditional lotus-land of the Middle East into Western Europe—and the substitution of another network, whose shape is parallel to that of the U.S. presence in Southeast Asia. The ecology of narcotics has been disrupted and remade to coincide with the structure of America's Asia strategy—the stealthy conquest of a continent to serve the interests of the likes of the China Lobby.

The shift in the international opium traffic is also a metaphor for what has happened in Southeast Asia itself. As the U.S. has settled in there, its presence radiating a nimbus of genocide and corruption, armadas of airplanes have come to smash the land and lives of a helpless people; mercenary armies have been trained by the U.S.; and boundaries reflecting the U.S. desires have been established, along with houses of commerce and petty criminality created in the American image. One of the upshots has been that the opium trade has been systematized, given U.S. technological expertise and a shipping and transportation network as pervasive as the U.S. presence itself. The piratical Corsican transporters have been replaced by pragmatic technocrats carrying out their jobs with deadly accuracy. Unimpeded by boundaries, scruples or customs agents, and nurtured by the free flow of military personnel through the capitals of the Orient, the United States has—as a reflex of its warfare in Indochina—built up a support system for the trade in narcotics that is unparalleled in modern history.

The U.S. went on a holy war to stamp out communism and to protect its Asian markets, and it brought home heroin. It is a fitting trade-off, one that characterizes the moral quality of the U.S. involvement. This ugly war keeps coming home, each manifestation more terrifying than the last; home to the streets of the teeming urban ghettos and the lonely suburban isthmus where in the last year the number of teenage heroin addicts has taken a quantum leap forward. Heroin has now become the newest affliction of affluent America—of mothers in Westport, Connecticut, who only wanted to die when they traced track-marks on their daughters' elegant arms; or of fathers in Cicero, Illinois, speechless in outrage when their conscripted sons came back from the war bringing home a blood-stained needle as their only lasting souvenir.

*Researchers for* RAMPARTS' *report on opium traffic and the war were Michael Aldrich, Adam Bennion and Joan Medlin. Special thanks go to author Peter Scott for permission to draw on unpublished material regarding Laos and the China Lobby.*



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# ANTI-WAR GAMES

I

One Million People
Surrounding Capitol and White House
Uttering Simultaneously
The Weapon/Warning
Mantra that Penetrates Material Illusions
Transferring Five Poisons to
Five Virtues

Hum*Hum*Hum
Hum*Hum*Hum

An American Sound
Uncanny as at Cosmic Football—
Frantic Cheerleaders
February 25, 1971

A.G.

II

Anti-War Games
All Wear Blue
Symbolizing Pax Wisdom
(Blue Headbands) (Blue Knowledge)
Blue Dresses, Denims, Hats, Handkerchiefs
U.S. Flags in Blue
& Sing the Blues Everyone

MIRRORS

Carried by all in hand
Wisdom
To Ask America to See
Itself in Blue Mirrors
"Blue Grace Steps out of One Hundred White Cars At Once"
All Over San Francisco

Clairvoyant View of War Maya/Illusion
&Blacks Sing Equal Blues to Everyone

& Carry Water, Sap & Honey
To Eat & Fast & Stay (long bar)

by Allen Ginsberg

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Five Virtues

Right Knowledge
Mirrorlike Wisdom
Equality—
Discriminating Wisdom of One
Perseverance & Good Judgment Unerring Action

All Sit Together Man, Woman, Black, Brown
Old Young Hip Square
75% of Population Are Against the War
Sit In
And Stay There, Except to Visit Congressmen
And Relatives in Bureaucracy
—Delegations to Newspapers & Radio—
Water Sap & Honey
Springtime Flower Power Manifest

III

Organized to Give Blood for War Wounded
(if useful)
A Million War Casualties
North & South
Vietnam

IV

All Gestures Should Be Done on Earth Park
Hum * Hum * Hum
Blue Flags & Honey Water
Sit in Meditation

Sit In on Earth—till War Ends—
Equality

V

Vital Heat of Body's Closeness

Sensitivity Sessions

Surrounding the Capitol Building
Throughout Bay Area
Touch Together, Make Love
Not War

Hold Hands Hold Hands Hold Hands

Living Circle

Hands Full of Hands Too Full
To Throw Bombs, Bottles, Cans

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## VI

What Dangers to Face?
The Five Poisons

I Stupidity (sloth delusion)—think all's o.k. on planet & war invisible
who cares?

II Anger the hell world—want to bomb Capitol and N. Vietnam—
bomb them!

III Egotism (pride selfishness) don't want to lose the war—Nixon figures
"I don't want to be the first President . . . I dont want to lose the war"—
"Yellow Peril!"

IV Greed lust for opium, oil, tungsten, power, human ears hanging in pouches from
tent poles in ban houai sai
attachment to victory & junk

V Jealousy (of the military titans)
green generals

Therefore Need Mime Troupes
& Other Ritual to End War
Sarva Siddhi Karishyanta!—
All Accomplishments of Yoga Realized
Shubahm! Good!
(Like Shiboom)
Shubahm! Shubahm! Shubahm!

(See Evans-Wenz: *Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines,* the Lung Hum)

## VII

Need Saddhana/Ritual
To End War

Include at Dusk
A. One Solid Hour of Prayer
Every Kind
Every Language
Every Priest
Every Mantra
Every God
Every Form of Meditation

B. And One Solid Hour of Silence—
C. One Solid Hour of Hum Hum Hum

*NOTE:*

HUM: pronounced like who, with lips touched
together to vibrate the mmmm

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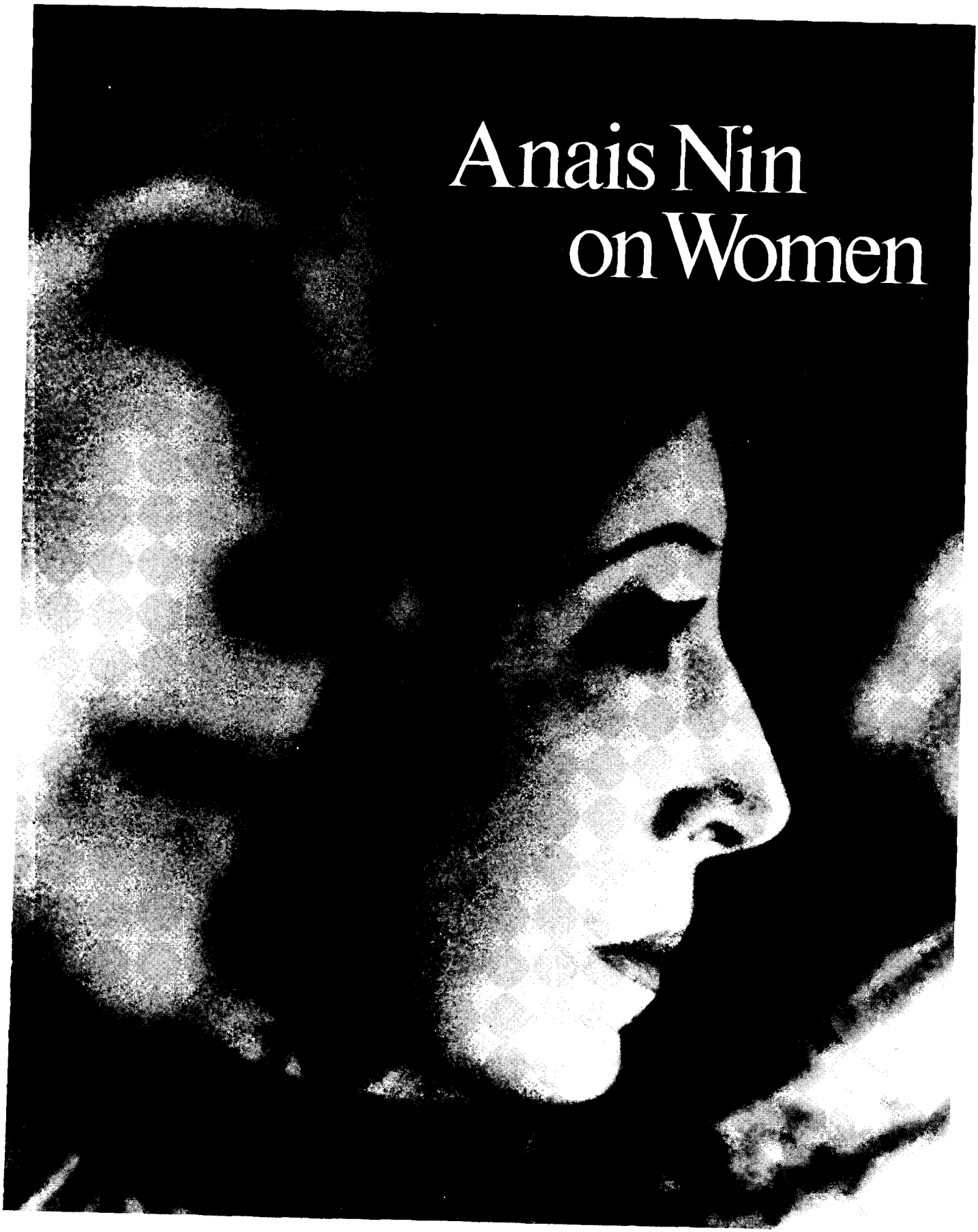


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# "We need heroines to illumine the way, to stir up our courage."

*While Anaïs Nin was quietly keeping a diary of her life in Paris and New York in the 1930s and 40s, she had no idea that it would become an important document to the new feminism of the '70s. Her* Diaries *chronicle her growth as a woman and writer, and her close friendships with struggling writers, artists and unique figures of the times such as Henry Miller, Antonin Artaud, Otto Rank, Lawrence Durrell, André Breton, Marguerite Young, Djuna Barnes and others.*

*Although the* Diaries *will probably prove to be her most important work, Miss Nin has also written* D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study, The House of Incest, Winter of Artifice, A Spy in the House of Love *and other novels.*

*I went to interview Anaïs Nin at her home in Los Angeles. Tall and graceful, she is a warm, intelligent woman whose vitality and interest in other people are apparent. Approaching 70 years, she continues to lead an active, involved live, coaching students and writers, giving talks and lectures, and has just completed Volume Four of her* Diaries, *which will be published in September by Harcourt, Brace & Janovich.*

---

*In your* Diaries *you record the life you led in Paris and New York in the '30s and '40s in the company of Henry Miller, Antonin Artaud, Dr. Otto Rank, Lawrence Durrell and other male writers and artists. What was it like being a woman in this circle?*

At first I felt shy and listened more than I talked, then I began to observe the differences in our attitudes, and finally I noted down in the *Diary* how one evening we argued about our opposite directions and I became fully aware I was going to write quite differently from them.

*Women in America are avidly reading the* Diaries *and identifying tremendously with them.*

That may be because I described the story of a woman's growth and expansion and efforts at liberation in spite of many handicaps and obstacles. Also because they are seeking their true identity as I was seeking mine. So far I have only published the story of the struggles and the conflicts; there is more to come leading to fulfillment and freedom. I receive 200 or 300 letters a month. I am sure I have helped many women to find themselves. Part of the effort to find self-awareness and orientation is the expression of feelings and intuitions. I concentrated on revealing those. This clarifies women's feelings about themselves and others. If the *Diaries* prove anything, it is that liberation comes first of all from within, can be achieved in spite of obstacles, and can finally radiate into action. I show step by step how I freed myself from patterns imposed on me from the outside—religious, cultural, racial, and so forth. But I did not do it by separating myself from others but rather through loves and friendships. It is in relation to others that we find ourselves. I never blamed others for restricting me. Men are also victims of cultural patterns and I have known many men who helped women to grow. Henry Miller helped me with my writing, Dr. Rank and Dr. Allendy guided me psychologically to find myself, and it was while helping others to be free that I gained my own freedom. I do not believe in war against men any more than I believe in war against other countries. We can only liberate ourselves by joint efforts. Not all women are equipped to face professional competition and responsibilities. Many of them have exploited the protection of men. We should separate the practical problems from the psychological ones. To change from love of man to love of woman is not going to solve the conflicts of relationship.

*You seem to have a romantic vision of the world, searching for the liberation of the individual as if she or he lived an isolated, contained existence.*

It is not a romantic vision but a psychological one, and remember I said the psychological comes first but I did not say that it ends there. It produces more creative action. My evolution in personal terms culminated in great oneness with the world, great contact with others on a deeper level. Whatever we achieve individually is of great benefit to others when it is shared. I proved that. I have no faith in political systems or outer changes (we are still at war) so I concentrated my faith on inner changes which in turn influence others, ultimately radiating into the community. The success of collective action depends on the quality of individual contribution. I would like women to become more aware of their individual situation and personal problems before they rush into blind collective action. I think a lot of women's actions today are a waste of effort. It is negative action to attack the male writers who did not understand or portray women adequately. It would be more positive to study women writers who have struggled to establish their own patterns. When I changed, it changed the world around me, it changed the men around me. Not by aggression and hostility but by relationship and exchange of feeling and thought. It is up to the woman herself to interest men in the total woman but this will not be achieved by a destruction of the sexual aspect which is part of relationship. The important activity for women now is to create the modern woman.

*Kate Millett in* Sexual Politics *has taken Henry Miller and Norman Mailer to task as male chauvinistic pigs, anti-woman. Do you think Miller is anti-woman?*

A sexual obsession with women is not anti-woman. It is a limited vision, but not destructive. But attacking them for their limitations is what I consider a waste of energy. Has Kate Millett ever written about the marvelous women writers who have been ignored or unjustly reviewed? Has she ever defended the women writers who have shown ability to write history, to practice psychology, women biographers, women teachers, women like Rachel Carson who was labelled by Time magazine a hysterical female when she was the first to call attention to chemical poisons?

*We have been living in a male-dominated society; men have written history, created psychology and the soul. Women are beginning to understand history in their own terms. But we've only begun to have women writers, women historians.*

They were there all the time. We did not read them.

Interview by Judy Oringer

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*Who are some of the women whom you admire?*
I admire women who have liberated themselves against great odds. Women like Han Suyin, a Chinese determined to become a doctor, and who has written well about her life and the history of her time. I admire Bess Myerson Grant working for peace. I admire Margaret Mead and Rachel Carson. I admire women writers such as Marguerite Young and Djuna Barnes. I admire Dr. Inge Bogner in the practice of psychoanalysis, Dr. Esther Harding's writings about women. The list is endless. I admire heroines. We need heroines. We need heroines to illumine the way, to stir up our courage.

*How do you react to exploitive sexist commercials on television? Do you get angry?*
I don't take that seriously. Commercialism is ugly in any form. Vulgarity is a part of it. I don't take Playboy or Esquire seriously. I think we should show a sense of humor.

*You seem to be talking about preserving polarity between men and women as opposed to many feminists who encourage unisexual trends.*
Unisexual trends are narcissistic and immature. They will make a very dull world. There are in any relationship—man with man, woman with woman, or man with woman—tensions created by differences of temperament and vision. Creation consists of integrating these differences into an effective balance.

*Along with the sexual revolution has come a new image for homosexuals. The Gay Liberation Movement is encouraging male and female homosexuals to act aggressively and openly.*
If this helps them to accept themselves it is good. The only abnormality is the incapacity to love.

*We were talking about women artists, women writers.*
I would like to see women reporters at the front, more women film directors, women commenting on political events, but because I think they will reveal a different psychological vision, not because I hope they will be like men. I never liked women who wrote like men.

*Do you regret not being a mother?*
Not at all; I was never deprived of the emotional experience of motherhood. There is plenty to mother in the world. I took Lawrence's words: "Women should stop bringing children into the world. They should bring hope into the world." I have had many children, really. Everyone who seeks to develop and to grow needs a mother. Besides, three little girls have been named Anaïs.

*What about black women, Chicano women.*
That is where our efforts should go, because their plight is far more tragic than the white woman's. The handicap is social, concrete and far more difficult to overcome. Every woman who becomes aware of the problems can help them, must help them first.


*"Like the wounded soldier, the exile is a casualty of war."*

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(Continued from Page 6)

sults on a friendly basis with Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Thomas Tierney, a former president of the Blue Cross Colorado plan and McNerney's main competitor for the presidency of the Association in 1961, is now director of the Bureau of Health Insurance at the Social Security Administration. There he oversees Blue Cross in its handling of Medicare. Blue Cross's chief Washington lobbyist, George Kelly, is the former assistant to Congressman Fogarty, long a power in health affairs in Congress. McNerney himself recently chaired an HEW task force on Medicaid which urged the federal government to underwrite and enlarge the program. (Blue Cross plans administer Medicaid in 20 states.) The Blue Cross Association is recipient of three quarters of a million dollars in HEW research funds. It is studying group practice among doctors and trying to find new ways of speeding hospital claims. Both are areas where Blue Cross itself has been accused of laxity.

One result of this intimate relationship is that Blue Cross and Social Security cover for one another when it comes to the bitter criticism of the way in which the Medicare program has been handled. Not surprisingly, Medicare has turned out to be an extraordinarily expensive operation. Neither the Social Security Administration, which is directly responsible, nor Blue Cross talks much about the problem. But the HEW Audit Agency, independent of both, is sharply critical of Blue Cross and Social Security. In more than 70 different audits, the agency questioned Blue Cross on its administration of Medicare.

In a report of February 5, 1970, which has never been made public, the HEW Audit Agency estimated that Blue Cross and Blue Shield paid out millions of dollars in duplicate payments. They had allowed charges for single rooms and maternity care to go unchallenged, and while there was no clear estimate of how much was involved, the Audit Agency said such costs could run $1 million a year for a large hospital. There was no coherent system for auditing the Medicare program. Intermediaries had charged the

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government for services under Medicare which in fact benefitted their private lines of business. Thus Blue Cross asked the government for reimbursement for such things as first-class air fare, membership in social clubs, stationery used for all subscribers, public relations, etc.

TO GET AN IDEA of what's going on in the Medicare program, here are some of the questions raised by HEW Audit Agency teams during 1970:

The Hospital Service of Southern California, in Los Angeles, processed 1.2 million claims and paid out approximately $523 million in benefits, of which, the auditors estimated, $14.2 million went for non-covered care. Final determination of costs under Medicare is determined after hospitals submit final cost reports for the year. What happened at HSSC is typical of the entire program. By June 1968, HSSC should have received cost reports from 1070 hospitals. A year later, half of those hospitals still had not filed reports.

A June 1970 audit of Blue Cross of Puerto Rico found the plan had paid $647,000 for services not determined to be necessary or allowable under Medicare. There were no guidelines to determine what costs were reasonable and allowable and no adequate method of reviewing claims. Auditors found that people brought to hospitals for observation stayed as long as 55 days.

At the Hospital Service in Oakland, California, auditors noted that despite Medicare regulations, two-thirds of the participating hospitals had not required that physicians certify care to be necessary. In Massachusetts there had been no fiscal audits by the Blue Cross plan of hospitals for any year of the program as of the audit date in 1970. In New Jersey, auditors questioned expenditure of $107,000 for a data processing system which Blue Cross plan officials purchased even though they did not believe it would work. In various plans, auditors questioned why Medicare should be paying for data processing equipment which benefitted the plan's other business. In Oakland, they wondered why Medicare was charged for part of the cost of publishing the plan's annual report in the newspapers. In New Haven, Medicare was picking up entertainment expenses and flight insurance for executives.

Neither the Social Security Administration nor Blue Cross will release the detailed reports they keep on Medicare operations. The situation is such a mess, however, that Social Security officials have been stationed permanently within major Blue Cross offices to help them run the operation.

There's a good chance that Blue Cross will undertake wider administration of health insurance under the health plan finally passed by Congress. If past experience is any indication, that will ensure the status quo in the medical industry, and it will almost surely result in increased prices for insurance because such a scheme involves employing two insurance agencies—Blue Cross and Social Security—to do the job of one. Only this time people will pay for this system both as consumers, through heightened insurance rates, and as taxpayers, through increased levies into a health insurance fund.

—JAMES RIDGEWAY

The wheel of the law turns
without pause.

After the rain, good weather.
In the wink of an eye

The universe throws off
its muddy clothes.

For ten thousand miles
the landscape

spreads out like a beautiful brocade
Light breezes. Smiling flowers.

High in the trees, amongst
the sparkling leaves

all the birds sing at once.
Men and animals rise-up reborn.

What could be more natural?
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Ho Chi Minh

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# The Aesthetics of Childbirth

*"Unto the woman He said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.* —GENESIS 3:16

THE BIRTH OF my daughter Sarah was one of the great highs of my life. Maybe "high" is the wrong word, since there weren't any drugs to cloud the experience: it was Christmas, the "Marseillaise" scene from *Casablanca,* and the day the Red Sox won the pennant, all rolled up into one. For nearly two months my husband Larry and I had been practicing the breathing, relaxing and pushing exercises we'd learned in our Lamaze childbirth classes. We'd read books, seen movies and slides, and listened to records of babies being born. Because I knew what to expect from my body and how to combat pain, labor and delivery did not frighten me; when I did get discouraged, Larry and an extremely sympathetic medical team were there to coach me. The worst part was hearing the screams of my sisters down the hall: women who were going through the same process as I but who hadn't trained for it.

What pain there was stopped abruptly when Sarah was about to be born. I watched in a mirror overhead, laughing with joy and cheering us both on with shouts of "Out, baby, out!" Larry bent down to kiss me when the doctor held her up, squalling like a baby goat. Then we opened a bottle of champagne right in the delivery room, and all of us—doctor, nurses and parents—drank a toast to each other and to Sarah. A day hasn't passed since that I haven't relived that scene in my mind. It was lovely. And it cost us over \$1300.

AT LEAST THREE things prevent most women in this country from enjoying the birth of their children: money, the American medical establishment, and the sexist Puritan mentality that to some degree infects us all.

So ingrained is the concept that women must suffer for their sins (i.e., being born female and enticing men into sex) that almost everyone—including the radicals who talk endlessly about forcing the medical profession to respond to people's needs—is suspicious of what's commonly known as natural childbirth. You must, they assume, be some sort of masochist. The syndrome begins in pregnancy, when you are *supposed* to feel both rotten and exceedingly delicate. (Scarlett O'Hara tumbling down staircases notwithstanding, almost all miscarriages are caused by defects in the sperm, the egg or the mother's reproductive organs. Most pregnant women can lead normal, healthy lives. And in most parts of the world they do.) Norman Mailer recently suggested in Harper's that women probably began to lose respect for men about the time they stopped having to fear death from childbed fever—in other words, when they acquired a certain control over their own bodies. But a pregnant (and, ideally, barefoot) woman is still a symbol of female subjugation. I was surprised during my own pregnancy to find that the hardhats who formerly hassled me on the streets were suddenly tripping over each other to give me a seat on the subway. With the addition of a few pounds, I'd been magically transformed from Eve into Mary. They could afford to be chivalrous; *some* male had put me in my place.

The taboo of a healthy female body also extends to breast-feeding, which is viewed in our culture as at best a saccharine source of passive female fulfillment—although it's about as passive physiologically as a male erection. More commonly, it's regarded with embarrassment and disgust. One woman I know was asked in the hospital if she planned to breast-feed her baby or feed him "naturally." A woman's breasts are supposed to be decorative à la the Playboy centerfold, not useful.

While men are subjected to some extent to the Puritan heritage, they at least have activities (sports, for instance) that are culturally unavailable to wom-



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en and that help them get in touch with their bodies. Men are also unaffected by the gross invasion of physical privacy which prevents American women from being able to walk down the block without comments and come-ons from every passing male. Ask a man what he thinks of his legs (if he ever bothers to think about them) and he'll say that legs are something to walk and run with, something functional. A woman views her legs as merchandise: too fat or too thin or too hairy. They aren't *hers* to judge. This objectification becomes even more acute with the exclusively female functions of a woman's body. Menstruation ("the curse") is dirty. Menopause ("the change") signals worthlessness. Men frequently use our "rampaging hormonal influences" as a put-down: "Ignore her, she's just riding the rag today." On any given day, of course, the average adult woman—including gay women and women who choose not to have children—is likely to be menstruating or about to menstruate, ovulating or about to ovulate, so there's always a put-down available. Our natural physical functions become our identity and our shame. Our identity, in other words, is shameful.

A number of people were openly hostile when they heard that my husband would be present for the birth of *our* baby. That was *my* work, woman's burden. Did I want to punish him? Make him watch me suffer? Some men proudly announced that they would faint in the delivery room if their wives ever subjected them to the experience—a curious show of masculinity.

THE LAMAZE technique radically challenges the old definitions of mother-father and doctor-patient roles. Developed in the 1930s in the Soviet Union, it was based on the Pavlovian theory that the mind can be trained to reject external stimuli such as pain. In 1951 Dr. Fernand Lamaze, director of obstetrics for the Metal Workers Polyclinic in Paris, visited Russia and brought the method back with him. Marjorie Karmel, an American woman delivered by Dr. Lamaze in Paris, then introduced the technique to the United States in 1959 with the publication of her book *Thank You, Dr. Lamaze*. It's interesting to note that while in this country fewer than one percent of all births are by Lamaze-trained women, most of them middle- or upper-class, the method was originally pioneered in the Western world by the wives of working-class metal workers. It remains today the standard childbirth technique in Russia, China and the rest of the communist world.

Much Lamaze class time is devoted to simple education about the processes of labor and birth. I remember being slightly embarrassed during our first class at all the talk about vaginas and breasts, but I soon became fascinated with the complexities of my own body. (Unlike men, whose only sexual function is sex itself, women have five potential sexual experiences: ovulation and the menstrual cycle, sex, pregnancy, childbirth and nursing.) The female body, I learned, is enormously strong and resourceful. Fear was quickly replaced by pride.

Lamaze training teaches women to deal with both imagined and real pain. Because we've been brought up to think of labor as fearful, our fear of pain can make us tense up and work at odds with our bodies—thus causing a vicious cycle of real pain, more fear, more pain. Lamaze students are taught to deal with pain in two ways. The first is Pavlovian: learning to concentrate on something other than your labor through a series of difficult and distracting breathing exercises. "Pains" are referred to as "contractions," and women are told to bring a favorite photograph to the labor room to concentrate on during the pains. The non-Pavlovian techniques include relaxing, pushing and other exercises to help you work *with* your body. (For example: most women experience an urge to push the baby out before it's ready, and this can cause pain. We learned in class to recognize this urge and to combat it by blowing in and out rapidly, as if we were blowing out a big candle. Try it. It's virtually impossible to push and blow at the same time.) The husband also learns a variety of techniques to help make his wife comfortable in labor: timing her contractions aloud with a stop watch so she knows how much longer she has to go, massaging her stomach and back, giving her lollipops or ice chips when she's thirsty, and so on. The husband, in fact, or some other trained, sympathetic coach, is almost indispensable. At a number of points in labor—especially when the baby is about to be born

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and the oxygen normally centered in the brain is centered in the uterus—many women get discouraged and may even ask for anesthesia. It's the husband's job to keep his wife going with emotional and physical support.

WOMEN WHO AREN'T convinced that Lamaze is the only way to have their babies and maintain their dignity ought to know something about alternatives—a few little facts that the medical profession doesn't bother to tell us until it's too late.

Most American women are knocked out fairly early in labor. It's common belief that drugged women don't feel a thing; what the doctors neglect to mention is that the standard injection contains an amnesiac. In other words, you feel all the pain and terror you've been told about—*you just don't remember it later!* Drugged women fall into a sort of drunken stupor known as "twilight sleep" between contractions, but wake (usually screaming, moaning, cursing and praying) during them. Because they tend to thrash around when they're awake, they have to be confined to crib-like beds with bars. Once the first stage of labor is over and birth begins, the knocked-out woman falls unconscious. She is then strapped to the delivery table, her baby is dragged out with forceps, and she doesn't wake up again until hours later. Her child meanwhile has probably entered the world half-asleep and barely able to cry.

Ironically enough, according to Dr. Irwin Chabon, a New York obstetrician and author of *Awake and Aware*, the introduction of chloroform and morphine into childbirth at the turn of the century was hailed as "liberation" by early feminists. The suffragists, Chabon suggests, welcomed drugs as a means of obliterating the one obvious, unarguable difference between male and female experience—just as blacks flocked to hair-straighteners and skin-lighteners in the pre-"Black is Beautiful" era. Chabon adds: "Perhaps they would have chosen to *experience* their biological destiny if they had already achieved what they considered to be their social, political and economic destiny."

Much less distasteful than the knock-out drugs are the regional anesthetics, such as spinals, saddle-blocks and caudals—injections that numb the actual birth area. Unlike general anesthesia, these don't enter the mother's bloodstream and placenta and hence don't drug the baby. They also leave the mother perfectly awake and aware. What most women don't realize, however, is that most of the regional anesthetics (the caudal is a notable exception) *stop* labor and can't be given until birth. Since the *average* first labor lasts 14 hours—and lasts longer than a day in one out of nine women—the untrained mother can easily be a screaming meemie by the time she can receive the injection. The regional anesthetics also carry the risk of side-effects to the mother, such as severe headaches and a drop in blood pressure. Even the caudal—a needle or tube inserted in a tiny canal below the spine and left there from the time labor is well established until after birth—has its drawbacks: many doctors lack the skill to insert it painlessly, and some women have too small a canal for even a master technician to do the job. Because of the delicacy of the procedure, the caudal patient has to be under constant supervision—an impossible luxury in most hospitals.

SINCE MOST LAMAZE women report that birth is relatively painless, the obvious question is, why don't all women who plan to have children study Lamaze? The answer is simple—doctors and hospitals don't especially like it.

Like many medical procedures, those surrounding childbirth are geared to the convenience of the hospital staff rather than to the needs of the patient. In most parts of the world, for example, women labor in a squatting position: it's more comfortable and the force of gravity seems to help expel the baby. In the "civilized" world, women lie down. That way, doctors and nurses don't have to stoop to make examinations. Pubic hair is routinely shaved and an episiotomy (a cut below the vagina) is performed whether or not it's necessary (most physicians are men who've never had to suffer through stitches or pubic stubble).

What's especially galling is the fact that childbirth isn't even a bona fide medical operation. Most babies can be born at home, in taxis or anywhere else with little problem; it's the rare chance



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of a complication that makes the hospital the sensible place to give birth. It wasn't until the 20th century that women stopped having their babies at home, and even then it was long considered a caprice of the rich. Today the woman in labor enters the hospital just like any other patient (which can be bad enough) —except that she isn't sick! She is deposited in a wheelchair, given a number, separated from her family, stripped, shuffled from shave to enema and planted in a sickbed in an impersonal, antiseptic room. It's no wonder that an untrained woman quickly assumes the mentality of a "patient" and decides that something dreadful is happening.

I think it's fair to say that the average medical bureaucrat would rather deal with a number than a human being—and the Lamaze-trained woman scarcely thinks of herself as a number. Not only is she well-informed; she embarked on Lamaze in the first place because she wants to play an active role in her baby's birth. All of this impinges on what medical personnel like to call their professionalism. The doctor-as-great-white-father mentality prevails in other doctor-patient relationships, but it probably is intensified when the patient is a woman and therefore accustomed to taking a victim's view of her body. The Lamaze-trained woman tends to ask intelligent questions; she, not the doctor, is the star of the show; she's awake to watch him work; and if the hospital permits (few do), her husband will be cluttering up the delivery room. Most doctors don't want any part of it.

The middle-class woman who does manage to find out about Lamaze can usually buy the services of a sympathetic private obstetrician—especially if she lives in a large city. Less lucky are her poor sisters and those who live miles from a cooperative doctor and hospital. The training itself is cheap and can even be had from a book, but the clinic patient is still likely to end up with a doctor who is ignorant of Lamaze or possibly even hostile to it. Doctors who do advocate Lamaze frequently take on charity patients, but their numbers are small. The result is a Catch-22 situation: doctors won't begin to practice Lamaze until substantial numbers of consumers demand it, and women aren't likely to demand it as long as the elitist medical profession (and everybody else) discourages it.

A TRAUMATIC experience in childbirth is just the first taste of the oppressive conditions a woman faces when she decides (or *doesn't* decide—for in most places she can't get a legal abortion) to have a child. There remains the question of day care, the problem of raising a child outside the limitations of the nuclear family, the day-to-day grind of diapers and Mad Housewifery—not to mention the enormous task of bringing up sons and daughters who won't be crippled by the sexual stereotyping that underlies all the other problems. Sexism begins in the womb, when everyone assumes that, of course, you want a boy. At birth, girl babies are wrapped in pink blankets and boys in blue; from there we progress to Dr. Spock, who believes that sexism is good for children. Typical of the pressures we are up against was a congratulatory card I received when Sarah was born. It read:

*"If you've been wanting someone sweet to dress in pinafores/A little angel you can take for buggy rides outdoors/One who'll play with paper dolls and have a doll house too/And ask her Dad for fairy tales when 'sleepy time' is due/Someone cute with ringlets that her Mom can brush and curl/Well, aren't you LUCKY then to have that darling BABY GIRL!"*

The fight for educated childbirth is a crucial one. The suffragists who saw their salvation in chloroform were nonetheless on to something basic: women are defined by, and oppressed by, society's idea of what goes on in their wombs. Little girls with ringlets and paper dolls grow up into women who feel embarrassed buying Tampax in the drug store. It's time to demystify the womb and spread the word: Woman is Beautiful.

—LINDSY VAN GELDER

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*Books on the Lamaze method of childbirth:*

Awake and Aware, *by Irwin Chabon., M.D. Dell, 95 cents (paperback).*

Thank You, Dr. Lamaze, *by Marjorie Karmel. Dolphin Books, 95 cents (paperback).*

Six Practical Lessons for an Easier Childbirth, *by Elisabeth Bing. Bantam Books, $1.00 (paperback).*

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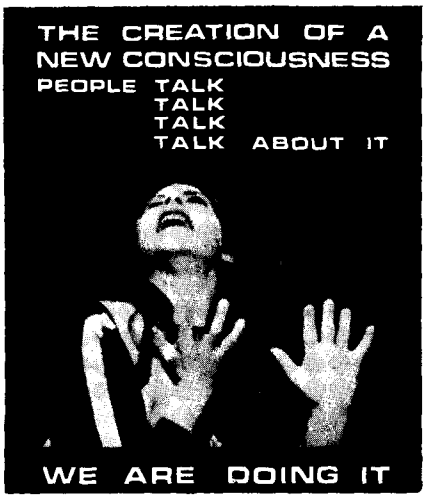


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# Radical Fiction

DANCE THE EAGLE TO SLEEP. *By Marge Piercy. Doubleday, $5.95.*

START WITH ONE of Marge Piercy's poems: *This is butterfly's war song about to disappear into the fire/Put the eagle to sleep/I see from the afternoon papers/that we have bought another country/ and are cutting the natives down to build jet airstrips/A common motif in monumental architecture in the United States/is an eagle with wings spread, beak open/and the globe grasped in his claws/Put the eagle to sleep/This is butterfly's war song addressed to the Congress of Sharks/You are too fat, you eat bunches of small farmers like radishes for breakfast/You are rotting our teeth with sugar/refined from the skulls of Caribbean children. Thus far/we have only the power of earth magicians, dream and song and marching/to dance the eagle to sleep.* This is one of the themes in her novel *Dance the Eagle to Sleep*: the life culture against the death culture, in a battle where the power of the people is only very sporadically mightier than the Man's technology.

*Dance the Eagle to Sleep* is ostensibly set in the future, but it isn't really the future; it is the present-as-nightmare. It's a nightmare of what can happen if we don't get better than we are now; it's a story for us to tell ourselves so that it won't come true. It's blood-curdling, a defeated revolution.

What the novel is about is the lives of four young revolutionaries—what they come out of and what they do politically in their movement, the Indians. They are: Corey, part Indian, charismatic leader; Billy, ex-privileged technocrat, who is still into very elitist macho-politics; Shawn, the "new man," soft and sensual, a rock star; and Joanna, Corey's girl friend, an oppressed woman and sex-object/mother. There are a few other important characters, notably Ginny, who is the girl friend of all the leading males at various points in their development, but who is trying to find an independent identity. (This identity turns out to be the same old earth-mother, however; Ginny is in charge of crops on the farm, and at the end of the book winds up giving birth in a mountain hut, symbolically repopulating the earth with a new movement after the Indians have been offed.)

The Indians' movement is visionary, with drug/dance community rituals based on a new drug, "bread," which Billy has synthesized in the lab. It is tribal in organization, and much influenced by American Indian culture. It's a movement against alienation, against imperialism, against capitalism; it also involves some back-to-the-land stuff, and begins by being anti-machinery, though it later gets into light-shows and weaponry. It is a movement of the young, from the high schools and the streets; it's the new nation growing inside the old. Corey's vision in the beginning contains most of what is positive in the Indians' politics:

> The children of the people who had plundered the land were being themselves consumed by the greed of the plunderers. They could turn away from the ways of metal to the ways of the flesh. They could learn the good ways of being in harmony, of cooperating, of sane bravery in defense of each other, to be one with their bodies and their tribe and each other and the land.
>
> The children would turn away from being white. For the whites were crazy. The whites were colonizers and dominators and enslavers. The whites always defined themselves out of nature, on top of the landscape. They came to rob and steal and develop and conquer. Already the children wore beads and headbands and smoked ritually. They were awaiting the coming of the real tribes. . . .
>
> His totem was the mothering, fathering buffalo, body of the tribes, and his enemy was the eagle, bird of prey and power that had sold out to the conquerors, that savage, war-mad, torturing cannibal streak in the people, which had joined with the old horde terror and greed in their conquerors and become the major mode of the land. With the strength of the buffalo, he was to destroy the eagle of empire and lead the tribes to water.

THE CONTEXT IS an America o the future-present, in whicl wars are going on all over th empire and repression is total in th mother country. Children are fe pacifying drugs from the year one they are channeled into tracks deter mined by class and race long befor high school. Harlem has already bee bombed several times. All youth o both sexes are conscripted in th Nineteenth Year of Service, a popu lation control measure which sends th lower tracks to Vietnam or its equiv alent, and the upper into domesti counter-insurgency programs.

The Indians form in the heart o the empire—first Chicago, then Nev York. There they organize high schoo kids and street youth. Splits in th movement are present in embryo from the beginning—between the loving dancing, life-style freaks who follow Corey and end up on communes ir rural New Jersey; and Billy's warriors disciplined cadre who stay in the city to fight the Man. Corey is charming, visionary, the movement herc whose speeches move all his friends to do whatever he wants them to. His is the style Piercy describes as the preferred one in her essay, "The Grand Coolie Damn": "The style most rewarded is that of the manipulator: the person who makes use of the forms of workers' control and community decision-making to persuade others that they are involved in a 'we' that is never out of his control." Corey always says "we" when he describes himself.

Billy, his opposite and rival, is the most realistically drawn character in the book. This is partly because Piercy shows him in the process of conver-



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sion; and as he develops it becomes clear that he remains in many ways the member of a ruling elite that he was brought up to be, only with a different ideology. What Billy might have been is always more real to him than what he might become:

> Let him live long enough to kill a few of his enemies: the enemies of most of humankind. Let him live long enough to forge a weapon that would kill more. Born twisted, born warped, born in the center of the empire, he could only pride himself that they had not succeeded in using him. They had come close. But he had escaped them and turned. For the society, the system, was mad; it caused the people in it to go slowly mad. They could not care for each other. They could only hate and fear and compete and fantasize; they could only rub against each other and try to use each other and suck on their own anxieties.
>
> He would never live to be human. Nobody like him or these people could imagine what it might be like to be human, in a society people ran for the common good instead of for the plunder of the few.

Billy functions on anger; it is his fuel. He is very smart and can think strategically except for one thing: he cannot imagine winning. When, after a series of busts that tear the Indians to shreds, his strategy wins over Corey's, it means the revolutionary suicide of a large part of the remaining Indians. The warriors all die in the guerrilla war that makes Lower East Side tenements into flimsy fortresses, and reaches its climax in a glorious but militarily disastrous assault on police headquarters at 100 Centre Street—the one that was bombed last year.

One of the central virtues of *Dance the Eagle to Sleep* is that it keeps calling up familiar scenery like this, and familiar political dilemmas. Take the execution of the traitor Chuck, for instance—a central political scenario. Should he be killed? Exiled? Imprisoned and re-educated? It's a nightmare, the old nightmare of the means and the ends.


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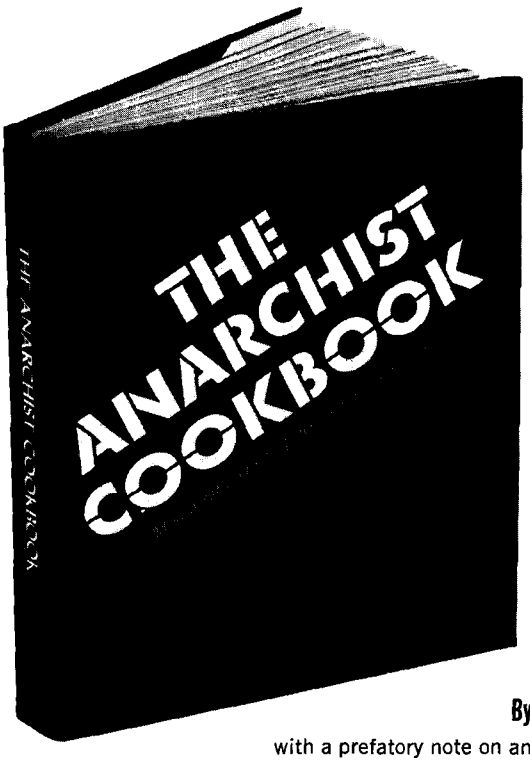


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"At the present time this may still be far-out, but Mainstream America is suffering from a dangerous blind spot in not recognizing that the feeling of distrust exists very strongly and needs to be proved wrong by court practice rather than by rhetoric, especially as it applies to trials which the counter culture rightly or wrongly regards as political . . ."

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THE PROBLEMS with the Indians' politics are those that pull our whole movement to shreds, again and again. The Indians have no sense of history, of their own political development or anybody else's; and so they don't understand how to consciously change people. They *feel* their way. They act totally on the basis of their own experience, which doesn't teach them all they need to know—*how can it?—or else they go* to the other extreme, and freak out on Marxist-Leninist jargon and Third World examples that they don't really know how to apply to America. They isolate their heads, their lives and their culture from America and so they don't change it. Because they don't reach that part of America that might have been reachable, they are destroyed. Their failure is symbolized by the unemployed, ex-Appalachian miner, the father of one of them, who drives his tractor over Corey near the *end of the novel.*

All of the Indians' political failures come out most clearly in terms of the relations between men and women inside their movement. They have no roles for women that are not reflections of the roles of women in the empire. Part of the point, no doubt, is that the Indians couldn't possibly make a revolution that was human for women. But this point is made very ambiguously, as though it were not as central a failing as the military error or tripping out on rhetoric. Marge Piercy seems to love, to identify with, her heroes (not her heroines, who barely exist as believable human beings). The only woman in the book who seems like a real person is Shawn's first love, Denise, an older, more proletarian woman than the others in the book. Part of this has to do with her being the only woman in the book who has ordinary human problems—like money, transportation, a lousy job, a kid, a messy house. She has this because she hasn't been mystified in some Now Generation way.

The Indians' movement is one in which women's liberation has never become strong, has never become a threat, has never become autonomous, and consequently has no power. The Indians are us in a state of arrested development, for we have, in fact, gone a little farther than this. And so,



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while *Dance the Eagle to Sleep* is a true parable in terms of a lot of movement politics, it is a phony in terms of women's consciousness. The heroes she creates, and holds up largely as positive images, are still the same old schmucks, and not a woman among them. In a book that will probably reach a movement audience more than anybody else, it seems wrong to distort reality like that. In her poems she knows better—as "Song of the Fucked Duck," which has more nitty-gritty realism than most of the novel:

You said: I am the organizer,
and took and used.
You wrapped your head in theory
like yards of gauze
and touched others only as tools
that fit to your task
and if the tool broke you seized
another.
Arrogance is not a revolutionary
virtue.
The manipulator liberates only
the mad bulldozers of the ego to
level the ground.
I was a tool that screamed in
the hand.
I have been loving you so long
and hard and mean
and the taste of you is part of my
tongue
and your face is burnt into my
eyelids
and I could build you with my
fingers out of dust
and now it is over. . . .
You always had a reason and you
have them still
rattling like dead leaves in a
stunted tree.

When Marge Piercy writes a novel out of this part of her head, it will really be something. I recognize that to ask people to expose themselves and their pain to that degree, even for the sake of clear politics, is to ask a lot. But when our movement can provide enough support for women writers so that they can write that kind of novel, we will all have reached another level.

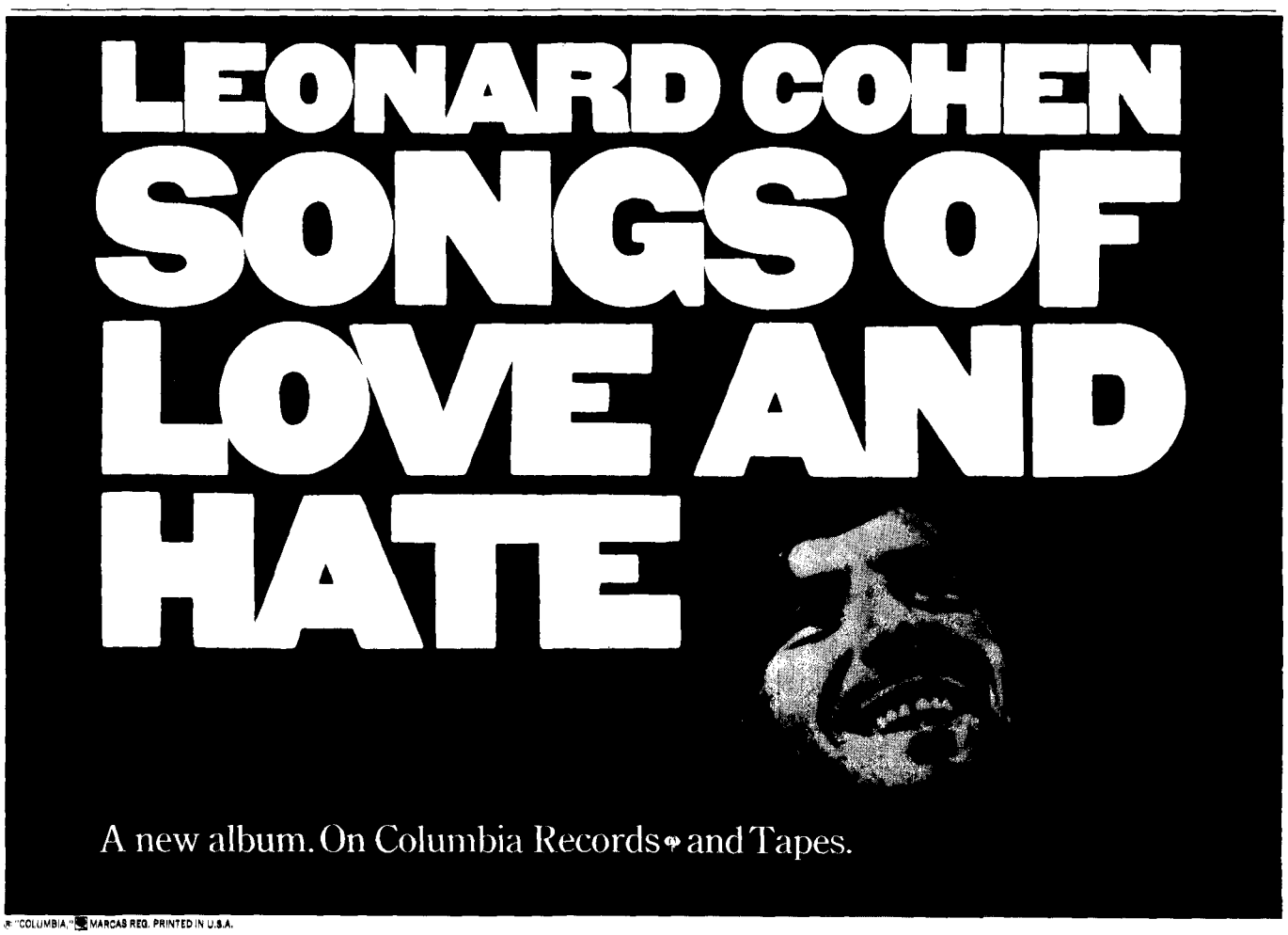
—MEREDITH TAX

# Letters:

[BUSINESSMEN VS. WAR]

EDITORS: When RAMPARTS offered "equal time" for a response to Steve Weissman's inaccurate, inane, insulting article ("Businessmen Against the War") [December 1970], my first impulse was to say: shove it. Why bother with verbal war against those who profess to want what I want: massive social change and political reform? Also the article disturbed me less than it did friends around the country: people who have already invested more of themselves in the struggle for fundamental redirection than Weissman probably ever will.

Then I thought about all that these friends and many others have done; all that RAMPARTS and Weissman have done: all to no avail. That thought





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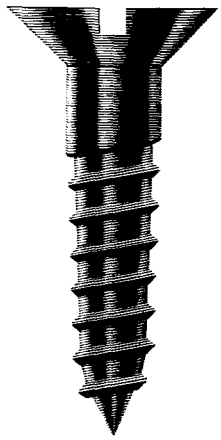

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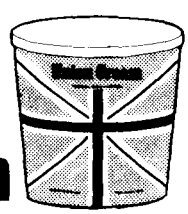

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prompted me to accept RAMPARTS' invitation. Not to deal with Weissman's simplistic, supercilious impressions but to say some things about problems Weissman, RAMPARTS and Willens want to resolve and haven't. But first it's worth re-emphasizing that we changemakers have all flunked the course and carry weak credentials for intramural back-biting. Whatever the bottom-line of RAMPARTS' strategy might be, mine does not include violent revolution as a way of achieving the revolutionary change I seek. Without apology and from the heart of Consciousness II, I conclude that no sector of the society can forcefully seize power with the possible exception of the military colossus we've allowed to develop. If the RAMPARTS/Weissman equation calls for violent revolution it might pay to reflect about realistic probabilities as well as counter-productive consequences.

Taking everything into account, I haven't seen an alternative social/political system which satisfies me. That prompts reluctance to destroy ours even with all that is corrupt and rotten about it. I happen to believe that there's flexibility and leverage which hasn't yet been effectively used to remodel the whole thing—and I don't mean cosmetically. As to my own efforts: there are quite a few formerly up-the-assets businessmen who've been moved to new insight and courageous action. Still, the groups I founded (Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace, Businessmen for McCarthy, Businessmen's Educational Fund) have not succeeded in bringing about massive modification of anything. But who has? Any political leader in the last decade? RAMPARTS? Weissman? In the quest for change during recent years perhaps the impact of the Beatles on cultural attitudes is the only success story around.

In view of that it may be quixotic to continue the quest. But quitting means forfeiting the field to rogues and fools whose stupidity and/or selfishness at this technological point in time will surely destroy us all. Although not blessed with Weissman's vast intellectual prowess (as his article gleefully implies), I understand as well as he that democracy today is a sham: that non-leaders are directing rhetoric instead of action toward problems stemming from an economy made dependent upon war: that social and political reform are mostly words on bumper stickers.

All of which leaves one question: what now? After discrediting efforts like mine, Weissman points out that young people "have found the system doesn't work for them, and that violence does." Not all young people. In recent months I've become associated with Common Cause as a special advisor to John Gardner, spending about a week each month in the Washington office. During the anti-seniority lobby effort, swarms of young volunteers worked late into the night under the skillful guidance of Peter Edelman. Many continue to come in, offering their help wherever it can be used. And before Mr. Weissman snorts, let me assure him these young people aren't the Tricia Nixons of America. Not by a long shot.

As I continue to work through Businessmen's Educational Fund (a vehicle for channeling contemporary realities and common sense to a sector of the society with disproportionate clout) and Common Cause (a non-partisan people's lobby which links professional lobbyists in Washington with citizen/lobbyists around the country who already number over 100,000), I shall continue to hope that the young people Weissman has in mind are outnumbered by the ones I see at Common Cause.

The latter understand the pressing need to redistribute power and wealth. They understand that government by special interest must be ended. But they haven't given up hope because they also understand that organizing effectively for revolutionary change within the system is preferable to fantasizing about overthrowing the government or bringing the system to a grinding halt. They have seen what organizing effectively has done for the National Rifle Association, whose lobby efforts have thwarted the people's will and controlled gun legislation. With that anti-model in mind, these young people feel it's worth trying to build Common Cause into an effective vehicle for revitalizing democracy and redirecting America.

They are my kind of people. They aren't worried about the fact that some of us might be "chic radicals." Unlike Weissman they don't need an ideolog-



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ical blueprint before pitching in to unravel the mess we're in and begin the cleaning and greening of America. And unlike Weissman they'd rather direct their energy against those who obstruct change than belittle and oppose people whose hair isn't long but whose heads are actually right next to their own.

HAROLD WILLENS

[HAPPY READER DEPT.]

EDITORS: Must congratulate you on March issue. From Horowitz's "Revolutionary Karma vs. Revolutionary Politics"(a long-needed article) to Dowd's comprehensible evaluation of the state of the economy, to the dissection of the books that disarm one for the struggle *(Greening of America* and *Future Shock),* and on to the important Deutscher and Heins articles, the entire issue had a fine unity of thrust, clarity and seriousness of intent.

Keep it up!

EVELYN ALLEY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[MORE ON ABBIE]

GENTLEMEN: A reference to a free loan of a parakeet film has appeared in a recent issue of RAMPARTS. This has unfortunately caused us a great deal of grief. Our distribution of this film was ended at least six years ago.

After a complete check of people at our headquarters here and at our public relations agency in New York, we can find no one who has authorized RAMPARTS permission to list the film. We are thus understandably puzzled as to why you carried this offer without first checking.

Not only is there the extra correspondence load and costs that must be handled in replying to the people who have written us, but more important there is the loss of confidence. People's hopes are falsely built up, then dashed and we end up netting a harvest of ill-feeling, something no company can afford.

Cordially,

C. S. CHADWICK

Manager Public Relations

The R. T. French Company

Rochester, New York

EDITORS: The article by Abbie Hoffman in your February 1971 issue deals with a great many unsavory proposals, but one of particular interest to us relates to supermarkets and shoplifting. I am not sure how seriously one is supposed to regard Mr. Hoffman, but I would like to point out that the problem of shoplifting is regarded very seriously in this industry. On the basis of the following, I would suggest that articles like this are bad not only for supermarkets but for individuals:

(1) Shoplifting has increased the cost of food for everybody.

(2) It has resulted in some instances in retailers being forced out of business.

(3) Prosecutions are increasing now for the first time in recent years which means that people, young and old, are for the first time getting police records as a result of what Mr. Hoffman regards as a light-hearted pursuit. It is a crime, and is now being treated as just that by an increasing number of retailers.

Sincerely,

FRANK D. REGISTER

Executive Director

National Association of

Retail Grocers of the U.S.

Chicago, Illinois

EDITORS: We were slightly amused and more offended by *America On $0 a Day* by Abbie Hoffman. It seems rather childish of him to think that while trying to rip off the large corporations he's hurting them. In fact each time he rips off some large company or government bureau they in turn pass his rip-off along to the rest of us poor slobs.

Sincerely,

JUDI AND MICHAEL SISSON

Chicago, Illinois

ABBIE: What the hell are you doing advertising rip-off tips so that every asshole who can buy himself out of trouble will try them and ruin them for those who really need them.

AN ADMIRER

New York, New York

EDITORS: Effective at once cancel my subscription to your magazine!

I have long felt it important to have a voice of dissent abroad in the land. While I cannot say that I have always agreed with your position I think you have done a good job in bringing to light some of the problems of our country.

However, when you now publish a


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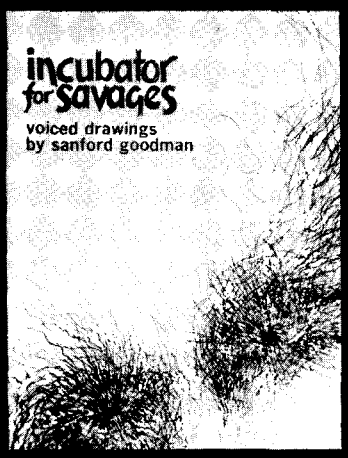


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Stephen Longstreet
*Readers' Syndicate*

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*Summerhill School*

*"The book is a great emotional experience that cannot be put into words."*

Elsworth F. Baker, M.D.
*Editor, Journal of Orgonomy*

*"Poignant, profoundly personal testament which should attract many seekers for the unique."*

Albert Johnston
*Publishers' Weekly*

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piece of trash such as the article by Abbey [*sic*] Hoffman which is a primer on how to lie, steal and cheat you pass the point of good sense! The article contributes nothing to the understanding of anything and is only an attempt to capitalize on sensationalism!

You have apparently lost all sense of perspective and I no longer wish to be one of your subscribers!

Regretfully,
LEO DOZORETZ
Studio City, California

DEAR FRIENDS: The RAMPARTS seems suddenly improved this month (February 1971). The Abbie Hoffman "America On $0 a Day" is a classic.

ANN MARKIN

[WHITHER RAMPARTS?]

EDITORS: I am of two minds about RAMPARTS. On the one hand, excellent exposure of U.S. Imperialism. Examples, the Horowitz articles, and in the current issue, B. Garrett's analysis of Nixon's War Plans [February 1971].

On the other hand is the encouragement of the Weatherman game. For instance, the excellent exposure of the history and international role of the Bank of America ought not to be used to justify fire-bombings by terrorist groups. Also in the February issue, J. S. Rock's article on The New Math practically applauds the bombing of the math computer building.

Do you want to advance the movement or play the game of the provocateurs? If you are innocent, you are playing with fire. If you are guilty, you will be caught too, no matter how "left" you sound.

I'll be looking.

DAVID ERLICH
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[MENTAL HEALTH]

EDITORS: It would take more time than I have to unravel the many strange threads in your article on the mental health movement [February 1971] Most of the straight facts are accurate but the purposes you put them to wholesale condemnation of all mental health phenomenon as a rip-off is unuseful and dangerous. . . .

The truth is that at the current time nobody knows what the cure for schizophrenia is and no avenue of research should be ignored—whether it is brain operations on cats or creating a new model which is anti-medical. The point is people's lives are being destroyed by the illness, they are still the shame of society, they cannot find work and have trouble getting housing and it will take many men like Szasz and Laing many years before society can be turned around sufficiently to explore the positive consequences of a psychotic break.

I feel your article is an exploitation of a serious issue and a further example of the diffused paranoia of a wealthy left-wing parasite group.

Sincerely yours,
EDITH DOBELL
New York, New York

EDITORS: Your article, "Madness in the Mental Health Industry," was excellent. As a matter of fact, it was a bit tame.

You might take a look at the psychiatric terrorism in today's "insane asylums." The numerous documented beatings, torturings, and murders as well as orgies and sexual interference with patients on file are some more "games" that are daily being played under the cover of "Mental Health. . . ."

Sincerely,
ERIC S. KRACKOW


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EDITORS: As a long-time reader of RAMPARTS and as a clinical psychologist currently engaged in community mental health services, it was with considerable interest that I read the attack upon the "Mental Health Industry" by Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway. Whereas I have no way of knowing the overall picture and I have many dissatisfactions with what I see at the local level, nevertheless I question the value of such criticism. It struck me as dealing too much with the superstructure rather than attitudes within society which create it.

As a psychologist specializing in work with children, I am particularly concerned with "hyperkinetic, hyperactive" children, with those having "minimal brain dysfunction, learning disabilities," and "childhood psychoses." The authors of your article write, "the pills get the kids off the teacher's back and make life in the school prison a little less hazardous for the warders . . . Doting middle-class parents, who are brought up not to question teachers or doctors, do what they are told." Virtually overlooked is the fact that the child in question is too disruptive for the teacher, harried by at least another 30 children, to handle; and that he is also too distractive for his middle-class parents who dull their own sensibilities and hyperactive tendencies through the use of drugs (alcohol, tranquilizers, headache and stomach pills), and who do not want to be disturbed.

Let us imagine what would happen if a mother (the father is usually absent from such conferences) consulted a doctor for help and was told, "Yes, Johnny has a problem. However, it is only a part of the larger problems of your family. In order to resolve Johnny's problem I shall have to work with the entire family. This will require your cooperation and willingness to change; it will necessitate your family seeing me once a week over a considerable period of time, perhaps for several years."

The mother would respond, "But doctor, all I want is a prescription like Dr. Smith gave Mrs. Jones for her Johnny. He's quieted down and gives them no more trouble."

"I don't prescribe drugs, Mrs. Brown. Drugs are only a crutch which prevent the client from developing his own inner resources and strengths so that he can stand on his own feet," the doctor would reply.

The parent would take Johnny to Dr. Smith and obtain the magic potion, and the doctor who refused to dispense drugs, who desired healing for the entire family, rather than getting the troublesome member "out of its hair," would soon go out of business.

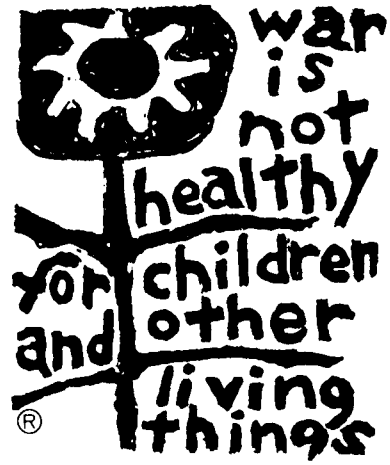
In politics as well as in medicine, most people in our society ascribe to the old medical model of healing dating back to witch doctors, shamans and "divine" prophets. According to this model, the paternal figure doles out panaceas or recites mystical formulae which magically whisk problems out of sight or cause them to evaporate. This attitude is so ubiquitous that it goes unnoticed. Hence, the villain in the situaton becomes "the Mental Health Industry" rather than the people who make it what it is, beginning with the person who refuses to realize his own human potentialities and who insists upon using drugs to remove, or dull, the pain caused by his own stunted growth. Before professionals can change their *modus operandi* and survive, the change must be desired, or approved, by the population which is served. . . . What is needed is a growing cadre of concerned persons who refuse to drop out or cop out, who try to realize their own human potential and who try to develop a more humanistic approach to healing our society's ills.

Sincerely yours,
MARJORIE S. BAKER
Clinical Psychologist
San Francisco, California

[KOFSKY ON KOFSKY]

EDITORS: While I am properly grateful for the extended consideration that Roland Young gave my book *Black Nationalism and the Revolution in Music* in your March issue, I should be more grateful still for a chance to formulate a brief reply to some of Roland's strictures.

I would be the last person to maintain that my book is without its faults; I would even have been grateful for a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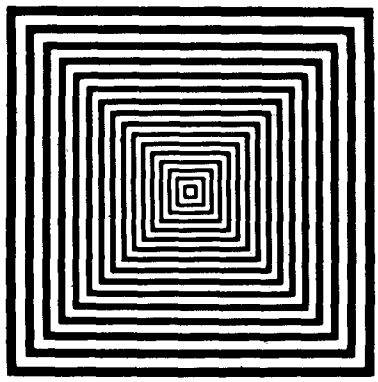

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thorough and penetrating analysis that pointed to genuine shortcomings. But Roland's review does very little of this. Either through careless reading or deliberate distortion, he manages to impute to me views which I do not possess and convicts the book of failings that are more imaginary than real. . . .

Roland maintains that my "work fails to clearly affirm the need for *revolution by any just means necessary*, and to that degree falls short of the first task of a *revolutionary critic*—to consistently instigate *revolution*" (all emphasis in original). I will return below to the question of the revolutionary critic's "first task." For now, however, consider the following.

My final chapter deals with Malcolm X, and my appraisal (a highly positive one) of the assassinated Malcolm is that at the end of his life he either was or was becoming an internationalist revolutionary socialist (or, as Roland might put it, a FREE / PEOPLE'S / INTERNATIONALIST / REVOLUTIONARY/SOCIALIST). I explicitly characterize Malcolm as having been in the "vanguard" of the revolutionary movement in this country, and the very last words of the volume (save for the Appendix and footnotes) are: "Though [Malcolm's] death cannot be too much mourned, it is still no meager comfort to know that where the vanguard leads, there too shall the remainder of the columns march." Granted that the language is metaphorical, does that sound as though I have failed "to clearly affirm the need for *revolution*"? . . . .

I repeatedly and emphatically do affirm the need for revolutionary change if the oppression of black (and, obviously, other) people is to be ended and black culture is ever to receive the widespread dissemination and appreciation it deserves. For Roland to deny this is most tendentious—and, moreover, comes as a bit of a bad joke when these same revolutionary politics are even now threatening the teaching position that I so precariously hold. . . .

I must also lodge a vigorous dissent against the criterion which Roland uses to judge art and criticism in general, and my volume in particular. Toward the close of his review he postulates that "Revolutionary art, like any other revolutionary form, must . . . inspire revolution." Again, in his final sentence Roland maintains that it is the "first task of a *revolutionary critic*" to "consistently instigate *revolution*." Given a quick reading, such high-flying dicta doubtless sound just ducky; but in terms of real, concrete *practice*, what do they or can they *mean?* If it is indeed the literal duty of "revolutionary art" to "inspire revolution," then I am afraid we are going to have to toss out all black art music, all black music generally, and all art, period, as non-revolutionary; for there has never been an art that I, at any rate, know of that has been capable of "inspiring revolution." And likewise for criticism. Both art and criticism can, perhaps, aid in the building of morale in a revolutionary movement, to some degree; but if we are to wait for them to "inspire" large numbers of people to revolution, I suspect that it will surely be a long and ultimately fruitless wait.

In contradiction to Roland Young, I would like to suggest that it is the "first task" of a *"revolutionary critic"* (or painter, poet, musician, singer, etc.) to *perfect his or her craft and create good art.* If this appears to be "reactionary," what must be kept in mind is that a bad poet, artist, or what have you, is certainly not going to be able to inspire people to revolution; he is, more than likely, not going to be able to inspire anyone to much of anything at all. . . .

To assume, as Roland seems to do, that revolutionary political intentions will necessarily result in an art or criticism that will move people to revolutionary *action* is not only to overestimate the effectiveness of art and criticism in a way that is politically and aesthetically naive. It is also virtually to invite an era of art and criticism that is high in explicit political content but very probably low in its power to influence the thoughts and emotions of masses of people. Far from what Roland maintains, such "revolutionary" works will have the effect not of "inspiring revolution," but in fact of inspiring wholesale boredom and conceivably political apathy as well. Anyone who doubts this latter proposition should merely take the trouble to give a cursory examination to what passed for "revolutionary art" in the 1930s, and then ask himself (or herself) to what extent such an art could ever hope to "inspire revolution"—or anything else.

FRANK KOFSKY



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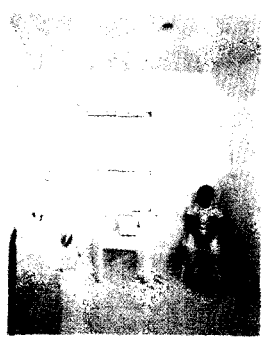

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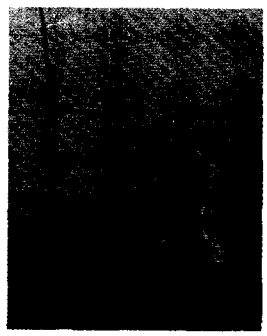

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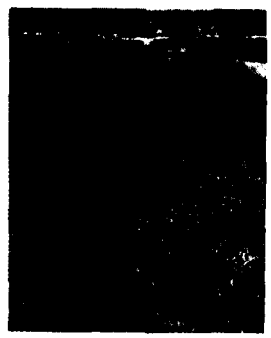
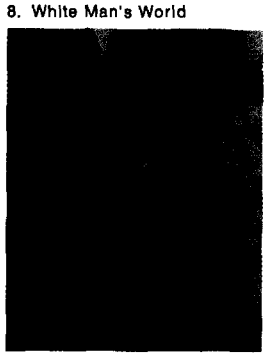


14. Back to Nature

6. Human Sexuality

10. Song of Solomon



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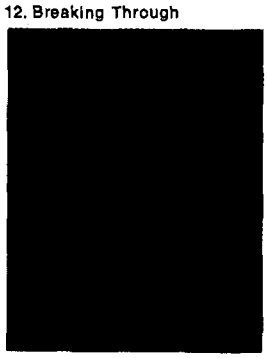
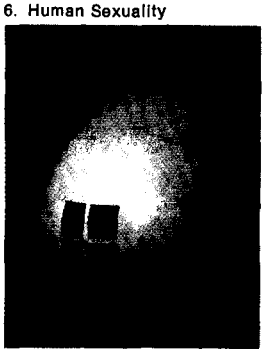


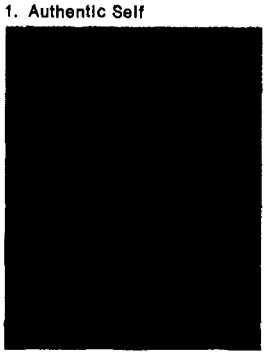
19. Cosmic Spirit

7. Girl in the Attic



11. Egghead

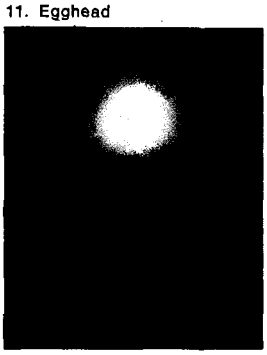
4. Autistic Child



13. The Other Side

5. Mother and Child

15. The Scholar



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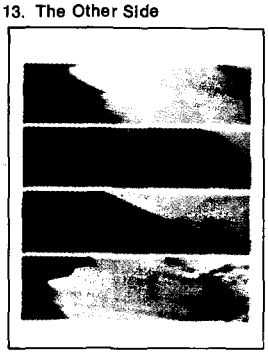

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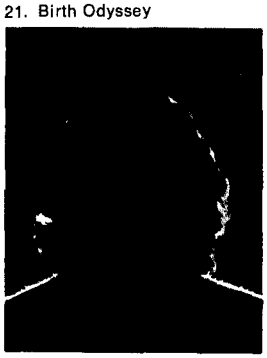

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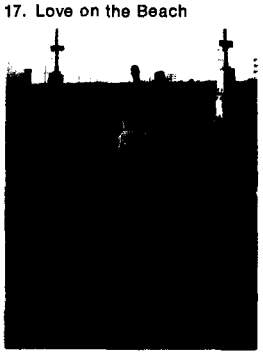

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